



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

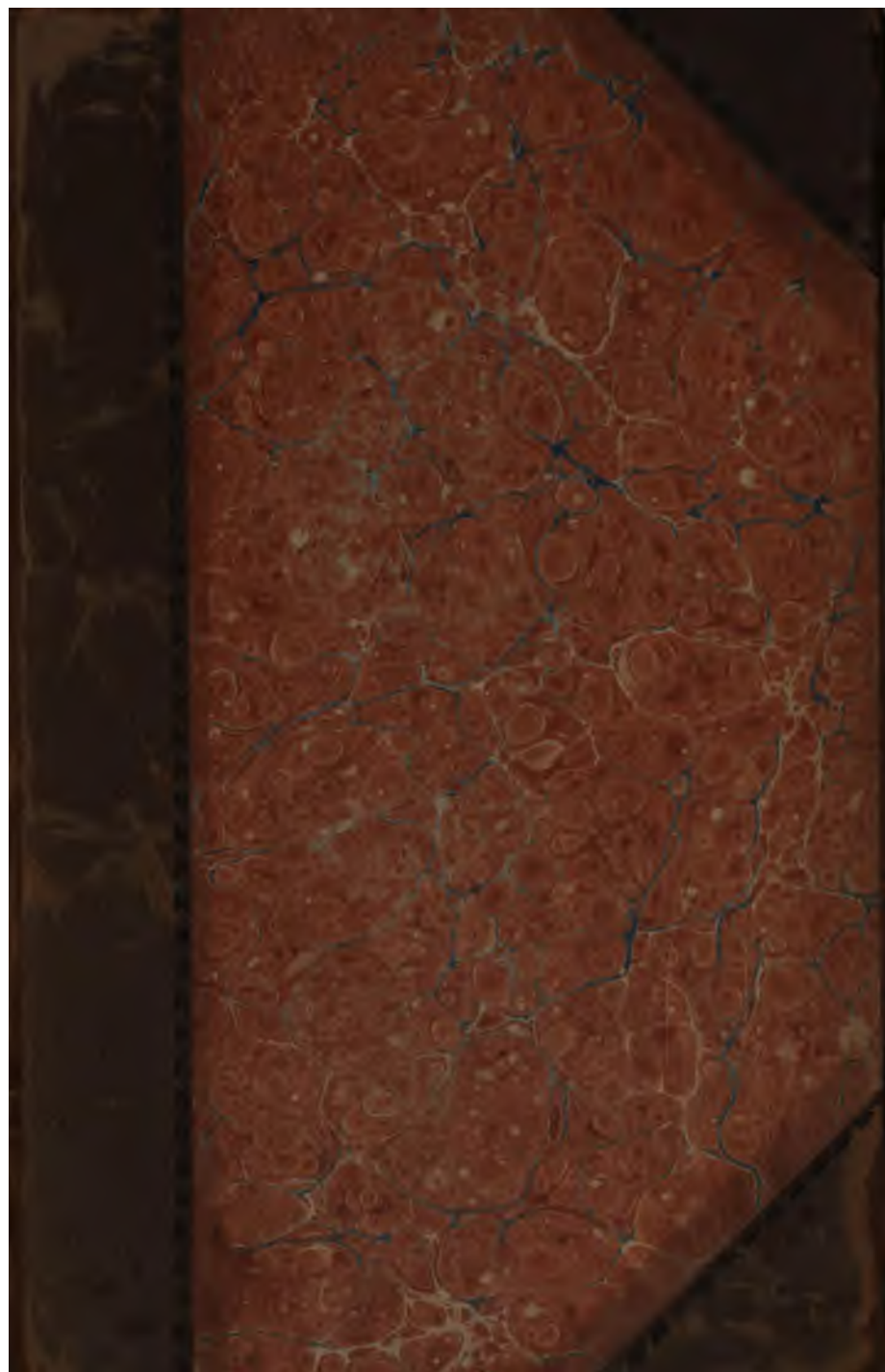
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





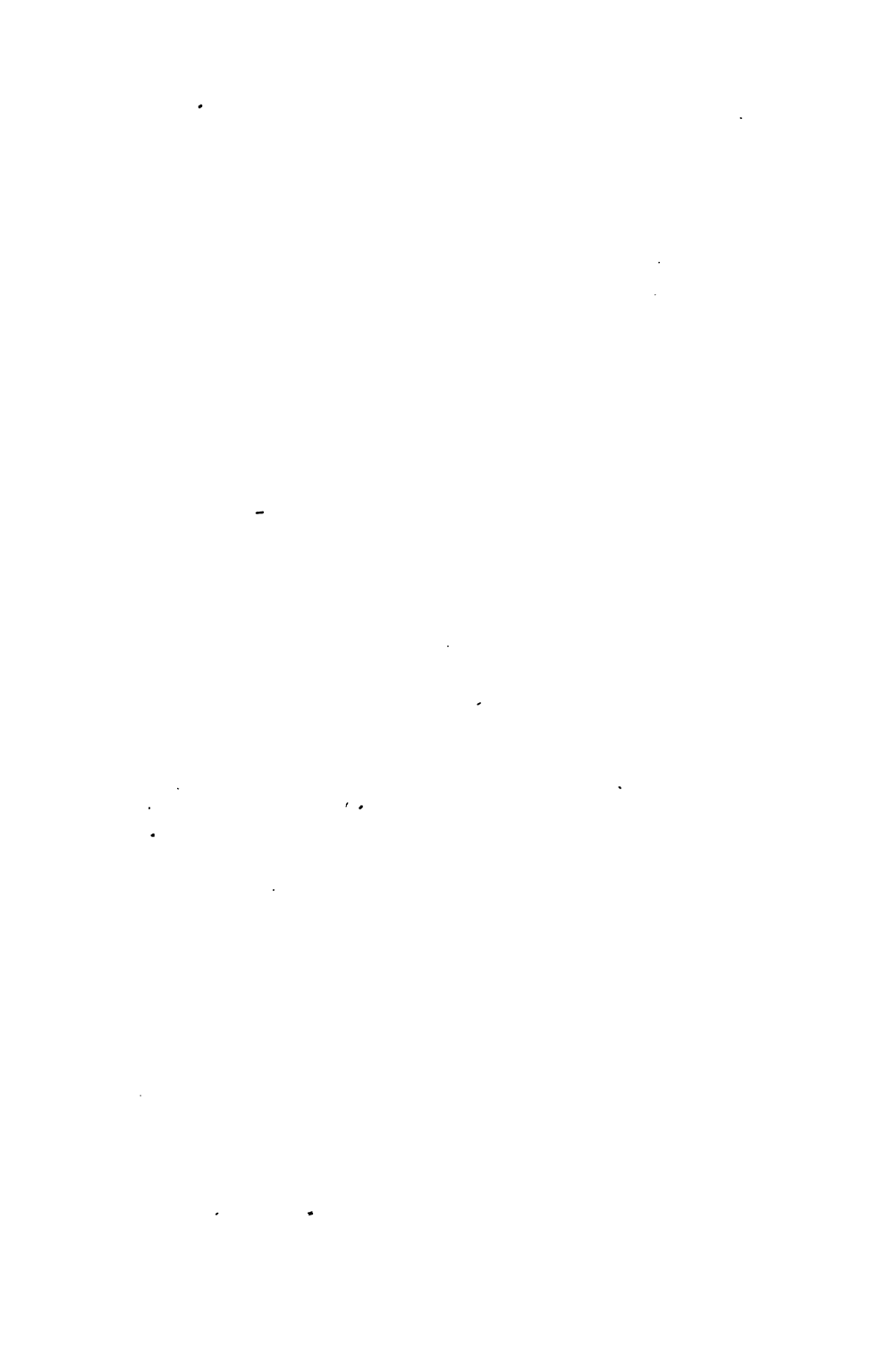
600049159Y

THE
T OF THE CORBES.

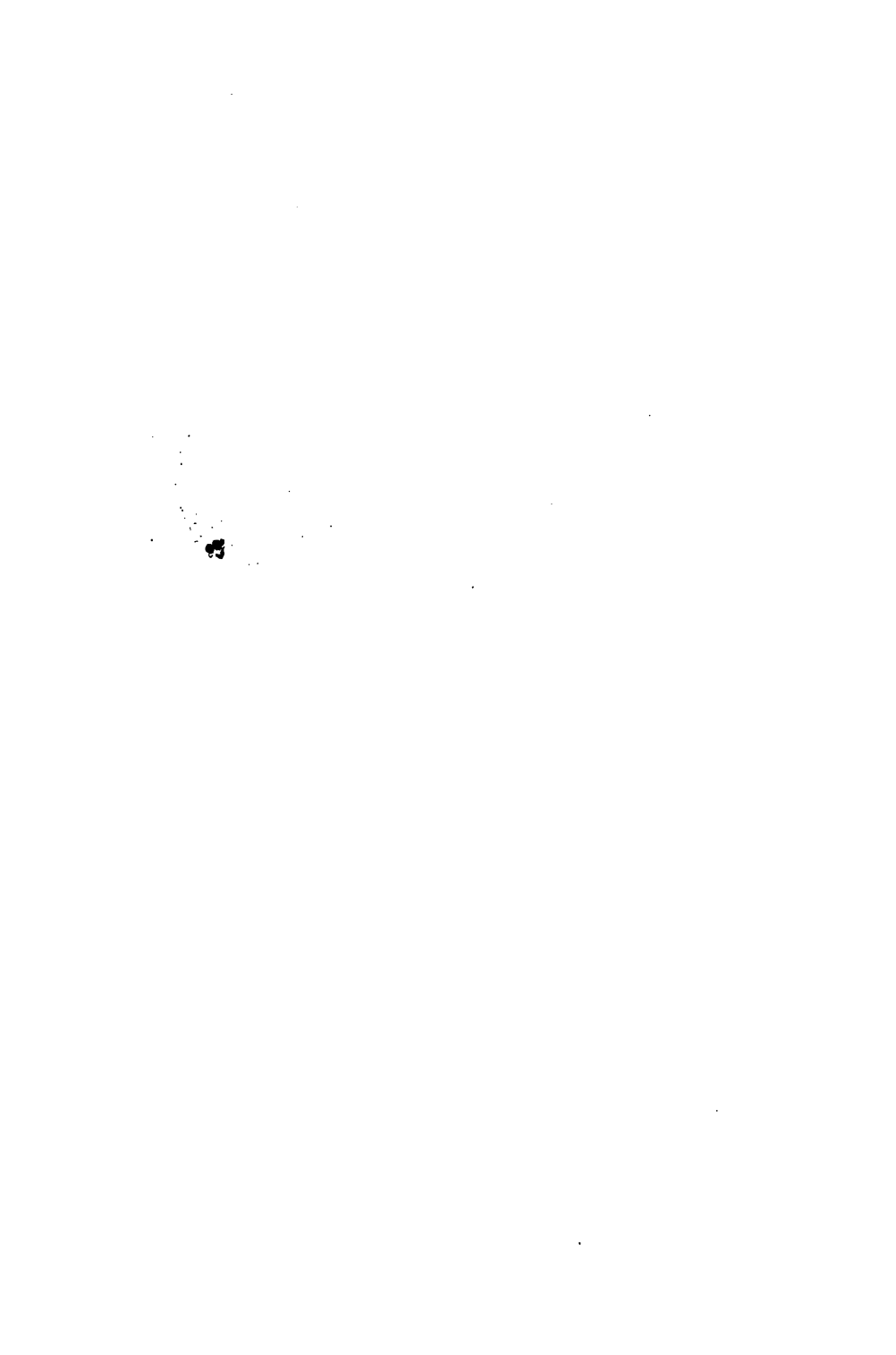




THE
LAST OF THE CORBES.



THE
LAST OF THE CORBES.



THE
LAST OF THE CORBES,

OR, THE



MACMAHONS' COUNTRY :

A LEGEND CONNECTED WITH IRISH HISTORY IN 1641.

BY

THE REV. JOHN WRIGHT, A.M.

RECTOR OF KILLERVAN, COUNTY MONAGHAN.

L O N D O N :
JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

MDCCCXXXV.

426.

THE
MACMAHONS' COUNTRY;
OR,
THE LAST OF THE CORBES.

CHAPTER I.

"For the Macmahons undoubtedly are the proudest and most barbarous Sept among the Irish, and do ever soonest repine and kick and spurn at the Irish Government."—*Letter from Sir John Davies to Robert Earl of Salisbury.*

MY readers (if I should find such) will no doubt expect to discover in these pages something of the new machinery by which writers in the present day so successfully remove all doubts as to the authenticity of the materials with which they construct so many ingenious and entertaining histories of former times; and seeing no good reason that an Irish tale should be deprived of the benefit of favourable prepossession, I shall at once comply with what I hope may conduce to further acquaintance, by

disclosing the unmarvellous account of what gave rise to the following sketch of local history.

In the mean time, I venture to express an expectation that the readers of this narrative will readily discover that it is not from any predilection for massacres or insurrections that I have collected the incidents of a domestic story from amongst the events of a great public commotion, which has been generally considered to have stained the annals of Irish history.

The truth is, that though I highly estimate the kind dispositions and generous qualities of my warm-hearted countrymen, I have not the slightest desire to discover how far they might be rendered contributive to the evils or benefits of a revolution ; my curiosity (if any I had) in this respect having been perfectly satisfied with the specimens of 1641 and 1798.

I therefore acknowledge that if this little

work has any object beyond the recital of facts, it is the hope that past events may become monitory, and prevent any iteration of such conflicts as formerly drenched the land in blood; and the evil effects of which, after the lapse of nearly two hundred years, are still amongst the obstacles that impede the improvement of Ireland, and render its government a work of such extreme difficulty.

In the summer of the year 1811, the prosperous little town in the province of Ulster, formerly called Clunys, had the misfortune to be deprived, by death, of its highly-venerated clergyman, who, for nearly two-thirds of a century, had resided amongst the inhabitants of this very populous parish, of which he had been the beloved incumbent. When this good shepherd was removed, the advowson of the benefice was claimed by the Bishop of the diocese; on which occasion, some research into the ancient state of the parish brought to light names

which the rust of time had deeply covered ; and amongst other individuals, the Corbe* of Clunys, who had slept in the burial-ground of the abbey of the same name, since the days of O'Bristan, the celebrated chronicler of Sir John Davies, was so far resuscitated as to become a subject of learned discussion, though the title, when thus recalled, appeared to be as little known amongst the brethren of all the churches, as if such an ecclesiastical functionary had never existed.

It so happened, that amongst other unlearned but would-be antiquarians upon that occasion, my curiosity had been excited to discover a little more of this venerable and obsolete personage than had been communicated by the learned Usher ; and amongst other sources of intelligence, I was led to make inquiry respect-

* The Corbe was a dignity of the ancient Church of Ireland, possessed of considerable power and privileges. Of these Corbeships the best is at Clunys, in the county of Monaghan.—*Sir John Davies.*

ing the Macmahoune family, as it is matter of history that one of the sons of the Macmahounes had been appointed Corbe of Clunys by Queen Elizabeth.

But all my research in the hope of a learned discovery was baffled by the almost total want of record that followed the destruction of this family, which had once possessed extensive territory in a county, a great part of which was denominated the Macmahons' country.

In compensation, however, for my disappointment in the erudite part of my pursuit of the Corbe, I made some discoveries relating to a person who had borne this title so lately as the year 1641. But as these had no reference to the advowson, the papers which had been found near the round tower of Clunys, and preserved in a coffin of stone, were laid aside as venerable monuments, till the occurrence took place which is now to be mentioned.

When the celebrated Irish reformer, Lawless,

was on his march of intellect to the towns of Ballibay and Clones, in the county of Monaghan, leading a host of enlightened liberals, the aborigines of Farney and Louth, few of whom could speak English—on this day, and on this occasion, which furnished Mr. Peel with one of the incidents that had induced that great statesman at once to change all his deep-rooted opinions, and to yield to the hard necessity for granting Catholic emancipation—then it was that the association of ideas prevailed with me ; and perhaps the Catholic Association, whose advanced guards were so near, had its influence also in recalling to my recollection that I had in my possession the Macmahon papers already mentioned ; and that they were not irrelevant to the apprehensions which then prevailed, of the dangers that arise out of political and religious antipathies.

I knew that these fragments related to Agitators of some notoriety in the olden time.

They had not, it is true, been as successful as their modern namesakes, and had been (perhaps illiberally) denominated conspirators and rebels; and as such had suffered in person and property. But the place where the modern agitators had been driven back was a part of the territory of the former insurgents; and the residence of the Chieftain, where the plan of the rising in 1641 had been matured, was within a short distance of the Lawless incursion: so that under all these reminding circumstances, I found myself strongly impelled to arrange the narrative connected with this very peculiar tribe of the Macmahounes, which had so effectually fulfilled its engagement in the former conspiracy.

This restless Sept for a long time entertained an irreclaimable aversion to everything that might assimilate them to the English intruders who, from time to time, had made encroachments upon their territory; acting upon a

principle of safety, with a savage and mistaken sagacity. They rejected, amongst other improvements, even the *incipiency of architecture*, which they considered dangerous, as being an art practised by their enemies. They seem to have dreaded any permanent enclosure, as if it might be employed to infringe upon the free liberty of their persons, and eventually destroy the freedom of their minds; and so long as they kept the country to themselves, they never permitted house or castle to be constructed. And thus, when John De Courcy, having made peace with this irritable tribe, presented their Chief with two castles which he had built on a part of their territory, the Macmahoune soon after demolished them, declaring that it was contrary to his nature to dwell in cold walls *where the woods were so nigh*.

The legend now to be presented, relates circumstances which, though they admit that his descendants had degenerated into some com-

pliance with their neighbours of English and Scotch descent, yet render it doubtful that they were ever sincerely reconciled to their usurpation. At least, they prove that some of them still retained as much of the original wild-fire of their sept as was always ready for any plan of ignition, by which they could hope to recover their territory, or to make it too hot for their intruding neighbours.

The troubled reign of Charles I. presented a tempting opportunity of disturbance, which they seized upon with a desperate and reckless avidity for revenge and restitution. They took an eager and sanguinary part in the insurrection of 1641, so terrible for the secrecy with which it was conducted, and the relentless animosity with which it was pursued.

When the tide of their abused power ebbed away, retribution was poured upon them by the soldiers of Cromwell, several of whom then obtained the forfeited properties of these un-

fortunate victims, who had flung away many advantages of which they had been left in undisturbed possession by the clemency of James I.

The story relates some distressing incidents, and may borrow for them a portion of importance, as they mingle with events which produced most awful changes in the state:—a King put to death by his subjects; a Parliament deposed; and a Church overthrown; and this after one of the longest intervals of tranquillity that Ireland had ever known, and (which may render it more worthy of notice) that interval evidently the result of a mild and impartial regimen of government, and a regular administration of the laws.

Curiosity may not be entirely compensated, nor inquiry satisfied with the causes that are herein intimated as having contributed to disturb this happy state of things, which had all the semblance of permanence when it was thus described by the enlightened politician who

assisted in its structure, not without a portion of that self-complacency which it is so natural to feel after the achievement of a great and useful work :—

“Briefly, the clock of the civil government is well set, and all the wheels thereof do move in order.

“The strings of this Irish Harp are all in tune, and make a good harmony ; so as we may well conceive a hope that Ireland, which heretofore might properly be called the land of Ire, because the irascible power was predominant there for the space of four hundred years, will from henceforth prove a land of peace and concord.”

The happy vision, however, was not verified ; and the narrative relates the part taken to disturb it by persons, who, though otherwise not worthy of much notice, were capable of great mischief, which they actively set in motion.

CHAPTER II.

"I thought it not impertinent to show unto your lordship how unsettled the possession of these counties were before my Lord Deputy began his journey."—*Sir John Davies's Letter to Lord Salisbury.*

IN one of those northern counties of Ireland, if not the last, amongst the latest of those which had submitted to the English government, an English family of the name of Willoughby had made an adventurous settlement so early as the reign of Elizabeth, and with some difficulty, and many contests with the original proprietors of the soil, had succeeded in retaining possession of the district which had been given to the first settler or heritor, Hugh Willoughby, who had been an officer in Sir Henry Bagenal's army, and had received from that general a portion of lands in compensation for pay and military services.

These lands, with other extensive districts, were alleged to have been taken from the owner by the deputy, Sir William Fitzwilliam, in a manner that even in those days of violence and conquest had excited considerable disgust. Hugh Roe Macmahon, of the Dartrey, had been induced to surrender his country (as it was then called) to the Queen, and had received a promise of re-grant from the Crown. But the deputy gave the lands to his favourite Sir Henry Bagenal, who had seized upon the person of Hugh Roe when he came to claim, and had caused him to be tried by a jury of soldiers, and to be executed for an offence committed some years before the English law was acknowledged in the county. Room was thereby made for the deputy's friends, between whom and other adventurers the property was divided.

This occurrence, as was to be expected, laid the foundation of that deep dislike to the Eng-

lish power and government which rendered this country so long adverse to English manners and customs, and made hereditary enemies of the injured family.

By the various turns of predatory warfare which continued in Ireland during the life of Queen Elizabeth, and until her successor with a milder policy sent his lord deputy to settle this and the adjoining counties of Fermanagh and Cavan, considerable disturbance was caused.

There had been unceasing contests between the Macmahons, the original owners of Monaghan, and the settlers, whose acquisitions had been gradually encroached upon; but the family of Willoughby still held possession, though subject to constant inroads from their wild and lawless neighbours, who probably never forgot the tradition of the original intrusion, and were the less ceremonious in plundering, wherever they could do it with personal safety.

So late as the year 1611, Major John Wilmoughby, the third in descent from Hugh, occupied the only house built of stone and lime in that part of the county that lay contiguous to Macmahon's own less-durable edifice in Conagh, which had been constructed of hurdles and mud, and was surrounded by cabins of similar materials, in which the gossips and senachy resided with other followers, who divided with him the spoils of coin and livery. These made the revenue of the lords of Monaghan, who, in the low state of the moral honesty of those times did not disdain to employ that respectable officer of their household yclept their cunning thief or cater*, a designation to which (giving all their due) they were generally well entitled by qualification.

This respectable officer of the establishment

* "For the beef which they eat in their houses is for the most part stolen from the Pale, and for that purpose every one of them keepeth a cunning thief, which he calleth his cater."—*See Sir John Davies's Letter to Lord Salisbury.*

generally summoned the clansmen to pay their livery, as also reported to the lord Tanist (*i e.*, thane or chief) what store of cattle, butter, or corn was to be had when he should have occasion either to send for the tribute, or to go with his senachy, and other followers of his household, to give the honour of being entertained, and then they generally continued as long as the stock of provisions lasted.

The fidelity and skill of the caters were the principal qualifications for which they were selected from the illegitimate relatives of the *chief*. They frequently ventured into the farms of the settlers, who were generally prepared against their inroads, and together with their sons and servants went mostly armed; and if they discovered the plunderers in time to make pursuit, they sometimes recovered their cattle by force, and lives were often lost in these contests, and summary punishment inflicted by the party that proved successful.

Thus a constant irritation was kept up, and though the heritors and the settlers and the chief sometimes met at the head towns for the purpose of making sales or transfer of cattle, or of purchasing such commodities as were brought from the towns on the coast by their more civilized neighbours of the Pale, yet very little intercourse prevailed.

A kind of middle state, or rather a sort of armed truce, had been observed between a few settlers and the different septs or families of the Macmahounes and Mackennas, who had not yet permitted the English government, farther than a kind of acknowledgment of subjection, which had not been confirmed, as in other parts of the kingdom, by the appointment of sheriffs, justices of the peace, or other officers of civil government.

This, with little variation, had been the state of things for fifty years ; but after King James I. had discovered the mild spirit of his policy, and

that some of the advantages of the English laws had begun to be experienced in those counties where the old and uncertain tenure by tanistry had been exchanged for a regular title under the Crown, and the benefit of being released from the old oppressive exaction of coin and livery were beginning to be known, the favourable report induced the common people, the heritors, and even some of the chiefs of this county, who had been at variance among themselves, to desire to make trial of the English laws. Therefore, when the Lord Deputy Chichester and his attorney-general signified the intention of forming a new settlement of the counties of Monaghan, Fermanagh, and Cavan, the intelligence was received with apparent gladness, and all parties seemed to vie with each other in eagerness to pay their respects to the king's deputy.

The curiosity excited by this intended meeting was at least mutual. The Lord Deputy

and his court and military officers felt all the desire which is so gratifying to self-complacency, where those who are superior in power and information are called upon to condescend to display them for the improvement as well as the amazement of their inferiors, who in this case were at least equally excited by the expectation of beholding the Lord Deputy and his troops ; and if my reader has not had the good fortune to be born in times when the quick-march of intellect, amongst frequent and rapid exhibition of wonders in earth and sea and under the earth, has made all surprise to cease, and if he can carry back his recollection with mine, even for fifty years from the present era of balloons, steam-engines, and swinging bridges, he will readily conceive with what an excitation the Lord Deputy's entrance into the little town of Monaghan was expected on this great occasion of introducing the judges of assize to enter upon the novel function of giving laws to an uncivilized county.

CHAPTER III.

“ And albeit we were to pass through the wastest and wildest parts of all the North, yet had we only for our guard six or seven score foot, and fifty or three score horse, which is an argument of a good time, and a confident deputy ; for in former times, when the state enjoyed the best peace and security, no Lord Deputy did ever adventure himself into *those parts* without an army of eight hundred or one thousand men.”—*Sir John Davies.*

ON the day before the introduction of this new order of things, Bryan Oge Hugh Macmahoune had assembled the heads of his kindred at his fastness in Conagh in the barony of Dartrey. This ancient seat of the Macmahounes has nothing in its present appearance to recall the remembrance of regal residence, or to remind you of grandeur or strength. It adds to the certainty that the native Irish in the north did not delight in architectural magnificence.

So late as the year 1611, the chief of this

Irish county had his habitation constructed of hurdles and mud walls, and his floors * covered with rushes instead of carpets. His attendants, who were numerous, were lodged in smaller edifices of similar materials, placed so as to give the appearance of an encampment on a sloping hill of some extent, at the foot of which ran the river Finn in a semicircular course, so as to enclose a considerable part of the hill with a deep stream, leaving the front open to the

* The chief of this Irish county had his habitation constructed of hurdles, &c.; and Holingshed, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, describes the manner of living of the preceding generation of the English nation as equally plain and rude:—"There scarcely was a chimney in their houses, even in considerable towns. The fire was kindled by the wall, and the smoke sought its way out of the roof, or door, or windows. The houses were nothing but wattling, plastered over with clay. The people slept on straw pallets, and had a good round log under their head for a pillow."

Erasmus ascribes the frequent plagues in England to the nastiness and dirt and slovenly habits among the people:—"The floors," says he, "are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lies unmolested an ancient collection of bears' grease, fragments, bones," &c.—*Hume's History of England*, vol. iv., p. 450.

adjacent grounds, which were covered with wood.

That part of the demesne in which these huts were situated was almost entirely hid, being lower than the adjacent country ; and except by the smoke that issued from the buildings aforesaid, there was no appearance of any habitation till the house was approached by a winding lane, over a causeway, through swampy and often flooded grounds.

In this castle or moat were assembled the chiefs before mentioned, in a kind of consultory debate as to the line of conduct they were to pursue on meeting the Lord Deputy, before whom they had been summoned to appear on the following day at Monaghan as jurors, and claimants who were to give in their titles to the lands they had in possession, or had divided amongst their septs.

“ That I may never see you worse provided, Macmahoune of the Dartrey,” said Patrick

Dugh, as he made his entrance through the huts that were ranged on each side of the principal building, and in which were collected various kinds of provision.

“And welcome you are if the cheer was better, by St. Patrick, your namesake,” said Hugh Roe, “but it is well when it is not worse and the Sassenachs* in the county.”

“And why should not we be neighbour-like in coming under these English laws, if they are better than our own?” said Patrick Dugh. “And sure it’s better for all of us, any how, whatever we have, to say it’s our own, than to have nothing for our children that come after us. For though the Dartrey’s *yours for* this turn, how do you know they will give it to your son?”

“Neither † they ought, if they don’t like him.

* Sassenachs—Saxons, English.

† The chief, under the Brehon law, was chosen by election of the sept.

But sure we know these Sassenachs will never be quiet till they get all their own way," said Hugh Roe.

"There is none in the whole kingdom that has not given up but ourselves and the O'Reillys in the Brency, and the Maguire in Fermanagh; and how can we stand before them, now that they think it worth while to mind us? But we will talk these things over better after dinner, when we eat and drink together; and if there's better beef in the pale, or fatter sheep in John Moutray's country, young Teady McRory is a bad cater, and shall have no place in my new government, that is, when I am a Sassenach myself."

This was received as a good joke by the assembled guests, and to pass the time before the feasting, a walk was proposed to the next fort, from which they might see if any signal should be given of the approach of friend or stranger, as the Maguire had been expected

from Fermanagh, and a watch had been set on the fort of Clunys to give notice.

Besides, it had been considered prudent to observe the heritor Willoughby, with whom some freedom had been taken, and it was expected he would either make reprisals, or bring complaint before the Lord Deputy. Indeed, Macmahon had received notice from Sir Edward Blayney, the governor of Monaghan, to bring forward the aforesaid cater Teady Macrory, and also that he himself had to answer for having received cattle that had been taken from the Pale, and had been actually pursued to the entrance of Conagh, from which the owners of the cattle had been compelled to retire by the Macmahons' followers.

When the party reached the hill, a horn sounded from the next fort, and they soon perceived that the Maguire and his followers had crossed the river at the ford of Anaghlore.

The Macmahons' party returned the signal

by spreading out a flag, which was speedily recognised, and the friends soon met, the chiefs first saluting, and their followers greeting each other as friends.

THE SENACHY.

IN Maguire's train, which presented a motley appearance, was to be seen his senachy, or bard—the old O'Brislan, with his attendants carrying his harp. His hair was white with age, and flowing down his shoulders. There was still some fire, or rather wildness in his eyes, which gave an extraordinary appearance to his aspect. He rode upon a small cream-coloured horse, with mane and tail also long, and flowing in uniformity with his rider's locks. He wore no bonnet or head-dress—some hair being drawn over the top of his head in a glib or plait, which was the costume of the native

Irish, to serve as a substitute for a hat. A loose garment was kept round his body by a broad belt with a large silver clasp, and in the belt was a skeyne or knife dagger, with a silver handle. The whole of his appearance was venerable, and he was saluted with great respect by all the Macmahons' party, who seemed to expect much entertainment from his harp, as they were informed by Maguire's men that he constantly attended their chief at his cosherings*. They also said he had great knowledge of old times, and sometimes in his songs would give warning of what was to come.

With Maguire came Heber Macmahon, the corbe of Clunys, who had conducted him from the abbey of that name to the place of meeting with his brother at Conach. They were welcomed by the Lady Macmahon, who with much grace and dignity expressed her joy to see the

* Cosherings, entertainments when the chiefs lived among their dependants, and at their cost.

Maguire in the Macmahons' country, before it acknowledged the new government.

It may here be observed, that in our opinion of the manners of the period to which this narrative refers, we should guard against the prejudice of being influenced by the withered appearance of any of the branches of this ancient family, that may still bear the name of those who once possessed power and territorial command, and who also must have had considerable skill and talent, from the manner in which they so long baffled the attempts of the English government to subdue them.

They generally had intercourse with Spain and France, which was encouraged by those kingdoms, because they always found them ready instruments to annoy the English.

By means of this intercourse a degree of education, with some share of the exterior of politeness, was frequently acquired.

The Macmahon, at this time, was grandson

to the great O'Neal, and had married in Spain ; and his wife, a lady of family, who had been captivated with his figure, and taken chance for his accomplishments, then presided at Conagh.

The entertainment was plenteous to profusion ; wine and metheglin were filled into the cups without much loss of time by Teady Macrory, who seemed to act in the twofold capacity of providore and butler, and took special care to supply Maguire and the strangers with an occasional horn of French brandy. Nor was the aged Senachy forgotten, the Lady Macmahon sending him a portion of whatever was considered most dainty at the board.

The old man's eyes frequently beamed with pleasure at these attentions, which, however, he received as if he had been well accustomed to special notice. But at times he looked around him with a melancholy air, as if he anticipated some event that excited his sorrow and his pity. Macmahon expressed a wish to

Maguire that his Senachy would give them some specimen of his minstrelsy before his Lady retired ; but the bard wished much to decline his office, though pressed by Macmahon, and rebuked by Maguire.

At length, being also importuned by the Lady, he reluctantly complied ; saying, however, that he felt an unusual weight upon his spirits, which even the generous cheer had not removed.

“ Yet why should I mourn for the days that are coming,
And why should I cling to the days that are past ?
Though the tempest may rise where the thunder-cloud’s
 glooming,
The power that raises can govern the blast.”

After two or three melancholy airs, he swept the strings to the planxty, and never perhaps was the power of music more discernible than in the speedy transition from sadness to merriment in the looks of the party, which had begun to partake of the melancholy presage under which the bard commenced.

When the Lady retired, Maguire chided O'Bristan for his evil fancies in her presence; and said, "Let us have no more of the Ceanagh*; sing us a good prophecy—the gold strai'deaght, to give the Macmahon courage to meet the Lord Deputy, and hold his own with the Sassenachs."

"The Maguire is right," said Macmahon, "sorrow comes soon enough; I love the music that makes merry."

"It is easy to strike the quick measure," said the bard, "but how can I control the words that crowd into the mind? Do not I see, plainer than the light that now begins to fade, that evil is coming on this devoted land, and on this ancient family, whose bread I have eaten, and whose wine I have drank? And what are you going to do, Macmahon? Are not you about to give up to an avaricious Government what the Macmahons have possessed since the flood?

* The mourning dirge for the dead, or Irish cry.

“And is it for laws that will hang you for driving a sheep, or a heifer, instead of the milder way of paying the price, that you are going to change from a master into a slave? Little do you see of the fate that is coming after you have made the surrender of your Ballibetags* for a Lord Deputy to carve, and to put you off with the parings. Have not they done this in all parts where, either through fear or love, they have got a footing? What have the great O’Neals gained by yielding? Were they ever so well off as when they held the Sassenachs at bay?

“What have the Desmonds and the Tyrconnells gained? Poor wanderers in a foreign land—beggars now, instead of great lords. And when your own ancestor was cajoled into submission to Fitzwilliam, did not he for his lands give him the death of a traitor? Have

* Ballibetagh, a town able to maintain hospitality—960 acres.—*Sir John Davies.*

they not destroyed the ancient advisers and companions of our lords? so that the poor Senachy* goes adrift whenever the Sassenach enters. No, no! listen to the lamentation of Ulster; its notes are more to the purpose. But beware even yet of the fate ye are bringing on your wives, your children, your country, and the poor Senachy."

In this representation, which in its fervour had some appearance of a supernatural impulse, there was much that was quite congenial to the feelings of all present; but as it had a tendency to dissuade from what could not then be avoided, they tried a middle course—they applauded the bard, but determined to attend the Lord Deputy at Monaghan. For, as they said, what resistance could they now make? for though he came with a small force, he was well known to be a deter-

* The Senachies, or bards, used all their influence to excite the Irish discontent against the English.

mined General, who could soon command a fresh supply of troops if they ventured to obstruct his progress.

“I propose then,” said Ost Dugh, who was reckoned a cunning counsellor, “that we go with our best foot foremost to meet the Deputy. Whatever we may do among ourselves, let us make the push at these English settlers, to get back our lands. You Hugh Roe, if you are not the first, will not be the last, in their Grand Jury, as they call it. The Jury must be mostly our own people, for who have they else, except this Willoughby—this Bagnal’s man; and Blayney, and Anketell the heritor in Freugh, who would give some of the green woods for a clear riddance to be at home again?”

“Remember, we all complain of want of justice since the time of the bloody Fitzwilliam, and no man is to know Sassenach language if he is hard pressed; and if they get an interpreter, he must be one of our own people, un-

less some of the English mongrels have learned as much of our language as will help to hang us after taking our lands."

It is not to be supposed that the wine and brandy were stopped in their rounds, to wait for this and the like conversation. Teady Macrory, who knew his master's wish, kept up a constant circulation of the gossip-cup; and in spite of the great concern of the morrow, the evening began to descend without exciting any fears of missing the road homeward.

O'Bristan himself seemed to look more to the present than the future, and sang and played several martial songs in praise of the Maguires, and how the grandfather of the present Lord had warned the heretic Queen, if she sent her sheriff into his county, to be sure to let him know her erick, or the price set upon his life.

At the conclusion of this song a youth entered the apartment, and was kindly received by the Macmahon.

"And what," said he, "detained you, O'Connolly? Or have you fled from the Deputy's advanced guards?"

O'Connolly said he did not fly, but he came to tell the great things that were expected at Monaghan.

"And I heard that Ever M'Culla intends to look for his lands from you, Patrick Dugh, and that the Lord Deputy has shown him great favour."

"Little for your news," said Patrick Dugh; "there will be two words to that bargain, O'Connolly."

Here, to the surprise of all, the bard, who had not appeared to know the youth, turned to Patrick Dugh, and said, "Do you expect good news from a Connolly, a name fated to rivet Ireland's chains? It was not for nothing the prophecy warns us—

"That Erin will bleed for Connolly's creed."

The youth seemed very indignant at this

attack, but was induced to pass it over as the effect of the wine. Besides, he partook of the superstitious regard which made the bard a privileged person. He therefore only replied in a jocose manner, that it was easy to be a prophet, if he had only to foretell the mischief that he was to do to Erin.

“Well, perhaps you think so,” said the bard, “but something tells me you will do worse things than you now intend. If ever I saw what was to come, you were showed to me in a dream last night, and you were dragging the Lady Macmahon to prison, who was seized by Sassenach soldiers; and you were showing them where her son was hid. Then, I say, O’Connolly, you will be no good to Conagh, unless Holy Mary turn your heart; and if she intends this, why did she show me this strange vision of this youth I never saw before?”

O’Connolly blushed with the indignation of conscious innocence, and the matter passed

without further notice ; though perhaps in the course of time it might be remembered, if any occurrence should seem to fulfil the unfavourable prediction, of which there was no appearance at the time.

The guests very reluctantly yielded to the necessity for separation ; Maguire and his followers remaining to give Macmahon a convoy on his way to meet the Lord Deputy at Monaghan.

CHAPTER IV.

THE important day at length arrived, and Sir Edward Blayney, who was the Governor of Monaghan, went forward, attended by a large train of the landed proprietors, to make his obeisance to the Lord Deputy.

After some degree of arrangement, notice was proclaimed that all would be received who had suit to make; and the Lord Deputy having alighted from his carriage, and inspected the fort, returned to the entrance of it, and addressed a crowded audience in a most condescending and gracious manner.

“He mentioned the happiness it gave him to be employed in so beneficent a work as that of executing the orders of the wisest and best of Kings, whose whole study it had been to consult the prosperity of Ireland. That he was

now come as the representative of his most gracious Sovereign, to secure the legal possession to those who showed good title; and though the whole of this country had reverted to the Crown by forfeiture on account of rebellions, yet his Majesty was desirous to bury in oblivion all former acts of treason and disturbance which had been followed by change of conduct; and it was now his Majesty's intention to abolish all those customs of oppressive services, which, under the names of coin, livery, and gossipred, had eaten up their lands, and made their chiefs tyrants, and their tenants the worst of slaves; and that henceforward the good law of England was to prevail, which made every man's house his castle, into which none could enter against the will of the owner, unless he had forfeited the protection of this great principle of liberty by doing some wrong to others, by which he became liable to the strong hand of the law. That he hoped they

would show their sense of these blessings by living in peace with each other, and by following his Majesty's most gracious example; who though he was the most learned and pious of Kings, and had caused God's Word to be restored to its purity in his own language, and wished all to read and inform their lives by it, yet he was mild and forbearing to those who had not seen the errors of other faith and doctrines, but who, he hoped, would gradually come to the light. In the mean time, it was his wish that this should make no disturbance amongst his subjects, who were not to presume to interrupt the harmony of his reign by religious disputes, which were too apt to heat men's minds, and to end in earthly quarrels, though they profess to belong to heavenly things."

After this gracious speech, it was signified that the Lord Deputy would receive the compliments of the gentry in his tent, and that the Assizes would commence, and the Grand and

Petty Juries be called, whose duty would be explained to them by the learned Judges who had accompanied him for that purpose.

The gentlemen of the county were then introduced by Sir Edward Blayney, and as, with the exception of two or three heritors, they were all of the same names—Macmahons and Mackennas—they endeavoured to distinguish them by the place of their residence, or by some family mark, or peculiarity in person, complexion, or disposition ; but such was the grotesque variety of manners, language, and dress, contrasted with the whimsical designations by which it was intended to obviate confusion, that the Deputy's gravity was severely tried, whilst that of his young pages and officers entirely yielded. This merriment, however, was received with the greatest good humour, as the many mistakes were at least mutual. The Irish gentry conducted themselves with the most perfect ease and noncha-

lance; in particular Hugh Roe and Heber Macmahon the Corbe of Clunys, his brother, and the old chieftain of the Freugh, Mackenna, all of whom could converse in the French language, and were quite free from those troublesome fears of deficiency or inferiority, which are apt to excite *mauvaise honte*.

In their turn, as each had opportunity, their own affairs were urged to the Deputy; and Hugh Roe made no small merit of persuading his followers in the Dartrey to prefer the King's authority to his own. But he said he hoped due allowance would be made till they understood more of the English laws and customs, particularly that law which made it a capital offence to drive away cattle, as according to their Brehon law they were only to pay a fine; and though he had great respect for King James's laws, yet he thought in this his own were better and more humane.

He then complained that his neighbour, Major Willoughby, though a good soldier, was an intruder; and that his ancestor had been wronged to make way for that family.

The Lord Deputy, however, was peremptory, and said that all *his* lands had been forfeited more than once by his family, and that it was a mark of great lenity that he had been permitted to hold all but the portion to which Major Willoughby was entitled by the Crown for his services; and that he had only got a moderate part, when it might have given the whole.

The Lord Deputy then recommended that there should be an end to all contention between them, as they valued his favour — an advice with which both undertook to comply.

The trumpet then sounded at the door of the Judge's tent, and the Court of Assize was opened in form by the herald or crier, and the

names of jurors called according to the pannels or lists; and the confusion at times was not a little ludicrous from the similarity of names, and the pronunciation of the crier, who was an Englishman, and the guess-work answers of the persons who were called, or rather miscalled, and who seldom knew their own names.

Yet out of these chaotic materials the foundation was laid for the introduction of the laws, and the civilization of this hitherto neglected part of Ireland*. The establishment of a Circuit†, and the regular administration of justice,

* "Lastly, for the civil government of the county, we made several orders: first, for the building of a gaol and sessions-house we imposed a tax upon the country (by consent of the chief gentlemen and freeholders) of *forty pounds sterling*; next, for the erecting of a free school and maintenance of a school-master in Monaghan, we prevailed with the chief Lords so far as they yielded to contribute 20*l.* a-year to that use."—*Sir J. Davies's Letter to Lord Salisbury.*

The gaol and court-house lately built in Monaghan cost 20,000*l.*!—1834.

† Sir J. Davies states that these Circuits of Justice did so clear the kingdom of thieves and capital offenders, that "for the space of five years last past, there have not been found so

marked a new era. New customs, at least new to the inhabitants of this wild country, began to change the whole order of things. Those who had formerly decided their disputes by such force as each could command, were obliged to restrain their resentments within the bounds of law. Offenders were pursued by legal process. The power and authority of the chiefs was greatly reduced; but in the security of the inhabitants from oppression and violence, great compensation was made for what the chieftain lost. After this time a very general tranquillity prevailed, and a degree of intercourse introduced acquaintance amongst families where formerly there had been hostility and distrust.

An intimacy had increased between the families of the heritor Willoughby and the Mac-

many malefactors worthy of death in all the circuits of this realm, as in one circuit of England."—*See Sir J. Davies's Letter to Lord Salisbury.*

mahon, after the promise of amity made before the Lord Deputy ; and both seemed desirous to make amends for former bad neighbourhood. There was a little awkwardness in the first advances, but the desire to be kind is soon perceived, if there be a wish to return it with correspondent feeling.

Even the domestics and servants of families take the tone of their masters' inclinations, and often contribute to repair or widen the breach ; and of all those who had endeavoured to be instrumental in making friends, none had been more active than the personage heretofore introduced as Macmahon's cater, Tedy Macrory Macmahon. In that part of his twofold capacity by which he had frequently supplied the table at Conagh, he had been nearly detected in changing the ownership of some cattle, and had been tried at the Assizes before-mentioned, and but for a little well-timed interference on the part of Major Willoughby, the

event would have put an end to all future exertions in this or any other department of his useful talents.

But the Major, who made merciful allowance for his education under the Brehon laws, had pleaded for him so effectually, as to obtain his pardon and discharge. And from the former enmity that prevailed, this act of kindness was the more estimable, particularly as it put a stop to the inculcation of Macmahon himself; and the grateful cater became a remarkable exception to the old observation of "saving a thief from the gallows," for the favour was ever after remembered with gratitude.

The friendly intercourse having thus commenced, continued to improve, and we may well conceive the increase of comfort that followed from the effects of reconciliation, in a country then thinly inhabited, though now supposed to contain an inhabitant for every acre of its surface. Notwithstanding they even

yet seem to spring up from the ground, with no small portion of the enmity towards each other which distinguished the progeny that arose from the teeth of the serpent.

These appeared to be halcyon days for Ireland, when those districts which had been most averse to civilization, and so long resisted the government of England after other parts had submitted, were now under legal subjection ; and a general desire seemed to prevail to forward the benevolent and wise measures of King James, who, whatever might have been the weakness of his character in other respects, was well entitled to the praise of good intention, and even of sound policy, in his plans for the improvement of this (with the exception of this auspicious promise of tranquillity) ever unfortunate and malcontent kingdom and land of Ire.

Having thus related what we could collect of public events from the manuscript, we pro-

ceed with more continuity to inform our readers of some incidents, from which they are at liberty to collect whether, and how far, matters of apparently small moment and private interest mingle with public feeling, and are permitted, if not directed by Divine Providence, to have great influence on public events.

The intercourse of the two leading families already mentioned, having commenced under favourable auspices, became very intimate after some reciprocation of civilities. There was a great difference in the manners of both old and young, but they soon became accustomed to fit together, and formed a society more entertaining, perhaps, than if there had been such a sameness of taste, temper, and habits, as prevails amongst persons of the same country. The distinction of national manners was still more strongly marked in those days than it is now, after constant attrition and opportunity of assimilation; and we may well conceive that when

all the power of steam communication has not so effectually amalgamated characters and peculiarities as to prevent the discovery of English and Irish, wherever they meet in a mixed society, the difference was at least as obvious in the times of Willoughby and the Macmahon.

Willoughby had his share of that reserve which gives an air of caution to an Englishman on his first approach to social intercourse; and Macmahon, with all the consciousness of undisputed pretensions to respect from his birth and chieftainship, was free in his manners and open in his address, not attempting to disguise where he was desirous of further acquaintance, nor taking pains to conceal his dislike where he wished to avoid it. Willoughby saw there was good-nature and kindness, and his fear of too much familiarity subsided, and he soon began to regard his neighbour with that good will which it is difficult to withhold where

there appears to be constant and undesigning good-nature.

Macmahon insensibly respected Willoughby for those qualities which he did not himself possess, but which he valued, perhaps, the more because they did not make any part of his own conduct and character. He entertained no jealousy of Willoughby's superiority in prudence, and had a full share of the cheerfulness that is perhaps intended to compensate for the want of deep thought and reflection. He therefore became a great favourite with the young people of both families, and even with Willoughby himself, who in time came to partake of some of the amusements with which Macmahon, then in the prime of life, and about his own age, always contrived to fill the vacant hour, either in the field sports, which the taste of the late monarch had made so general, or in the banquet which followed; some of the many expedients which a cheerful temper is so

ingenious in contriving, where, without being piloted by calculating foresight, it sails upon a voyage of discovery, and is not too heavily laden with worldly cares.

CHAPTER V.

It is not wholly irrelevant to this history to mention here that the disposition to friendly society was increased at this time by the establishment of a military station at Killeevan, in the Dartrey, where a barrack had been erected, intended to maintain the communication with the counties that had been placed under the new arrangement.

In fortunate concurrence with other circumstances, two officers, English by birth and education, made a very agreeable addition to the expeditions of amusement, which became very frequent, and were generally of Macmahon's planning.

The officers had been previously quartered in Dublin for a short time, and though they took possession of their new station under some

unfavourable impressions with respect to the country that had so lately acknowledged submission to the laws, yet they arrived with one unquestionable advantage as to estimating the ultimate result. They did not expect too much, and in so far were well prepared to make the best of every circumstance; and if my readers have had experience of the effect of anticipation, they will probably agree with me that coming events, whether favourable or adverse, are seldom rendered worse by being viewed through the medium of moderate expectancy.

After their third day's march, the country through which they passed was little better than one continuous expanse of bog, and rocks, and hills covered with wood, presenting such scenery as it was scarcely possible to connect with the expectation of civilized inhabitants.

"How shall we manage?" said the elder officer to the younger. "Old Time himself

will be a formidable enemy in this his overgrown territory, if we should even find none else to contend with. It is well for us that St. Patrick has banished the snakes; but I should not be surprised if the wolves would give us some employment, though Ireland is famous for the noble animals that have got their name from their usefulness in destroying these fell adversaries."

"I shall be contented," said the younger, "to run down the deer, which no doubt harbour in these wild woods; and as we are to be introduced to the king of the county, I expect we shall have royal sport. My friends, whose letters missive are to obtain our admission to the court of the Dartrey, inform me that King James himself had not better blood of the buck-hounds than our Irish chief Macmahon."

"I expect some entertainment from that high personage myself," rejoined the elder, "and the more so as my letter from our Castle

friend will introduce us to the English heritor, Willoughby, whom we shall see in contrast I understand they were in early life in constant hostility, but are now thoroughly reconciled, and much prefer the good-humoured contact of friendly intercourse to their former warfare. I bring letters, also, to the learned and worthy Bishop Bedel; and though not too fond of the lazy and proud order, I am sorry his residence is not nearest to our intended quarters."

"And do you openly confess to a loyal Episcopalian, as I am," said the ensign, "that, Puritan-like, you venture to find fault with Bishops, those sacred guardsmen of the King himself?"

"I shall begin to suspect, with the Lord Deputy, that there is something in short names * that inclines the owners to abbreviate

* See Lord Strafford's Letters.

the courtesies of Church and State. Lord Strafford says, 'That your Prynnes, and Pims, and Bens, are rather impracticable persons,' whilst *your* cognomen, my dear Montgomery, must be most aristocratically sonorous to his Lordship's fastidious ears," said Captain Prynn; "but happily for me, your uncle, Sir Francis, has not yet been infected with his great friend's prejudices, or no man with a Roundhead name would have been intrusted with the command of his company, nor yet with the guardianship of his hopeful nephew, which I pray may not prove the most difficult part of my duty in this untried country."

"It is, however, a beautiful *terra incognita*," replied Montgomery, as they now approached in the course of their march the deeply-wooded hills, which arose in rich luxuriance of varied foliage, and cast their shadows into the smooth waters of the lakes that slumber between the demesnes of Bellamont Forest, Dawson Grove,

and Rockcorry Castle, and form the picturesque boundary of the adjoining counties of Monaghan and Cavan.

Then, indeed, no spacious mansions or castellated turrets proclaimed the attempts of man to improve the grand exhibitions of Nature in her uncontrolled magnificence. But the surrounding scenery was such as to occupy their eager admiration with its numerous and varied prospects, and mislead them unconsciously from the right road, nor did they perceive their mistake till they arrived at the deep gorge of the river, through which the lakes discharge their redundant waters into the greater reservoir of the Erne.

Here, being suddenly stopped, they discovered that they had followed a pathway instead of the main road (a mistake easily made in those days); and they were in the act of turning about, though with a portion of that reluctance with which one resigns a pur-

pose, when their intention was delayed for a moment by observing a boat which had just swept round the fringe of copse that skirted to the water-edge the near portion of the lake.

The boat appeared to be well manned, and was rowed forward by an exertive movement, as if the crew were anxious to overtake the party before they departed from the river.

A signal was made by a flag, and they were hailed in a loud invitation to stop, and let friends see them and give them welcome to the woods. Here the boat approached the bank, and the person who seemed to have the chief command leaped out upon the land, and advanced to the officers touching his hat, and introduced himself in an easy, fearless manner, by saying in tolerable English, though Hibernically pronounced, "Gentlemen soldiers, I am Colonel Macmahon, lately of the imperial service: this is my country now, as it always was, and will be, I hope, and you are heartily

and Rockcorry Castle, and form the picturesque boundary of the adjoining counties of Monaghan and Cavan.

Then, indeed, no spacious mansions or castellated turrets proclaimed the attempts of man to improve the grand exhibitions of Nature in her uncontrolled magnificence. But the surrounding scenery was such as to occupy their eager admiration with its numerous and varied prospects, and mislead them unconsciously from the right road, nor did they perceive their mistake till they arrived at the deep gorge of the river, through which the lakes discharge their redundant waters into the greater reservoir of the Erne.

Here, being suddenly stopped, they discovered that they had followed a pathway instead of the main road (a mistake easily made in those days) ; and they were in the act of turning about, though with a portion of that reluctance with which one resigns a pur-

enough to bring your own provisions with you."

"We have not quite neglected that main point," said the Captain, "but are not less thankful for your kind offer, though as we have still, as I believe, some miles to go, we cannot accept it."

"Well," said the Colonel, "you must take something to refresh you, anyhow. Here, you young Culla, let the boys bring what they have got in the boat; our friends, the English soldiers, will try our Monaghan fare when they enter our county. Let Nogher lead their horses and baggage over the ford, and the other four of you bring the baskets on your shoulders to Cisley Macmahon's on the road-side—(we are all Macmahons in these parts, good and bad,") continued he in a parenthesis, "I hope they will not be the fewer for your coming; and mon Dieu! as we say in France, you are all likely young fellows, not forgetting your

brother officer, who seems a neat tall sapling for his time."

"We are quite at a loss to express our sense of your great kindness," said Captain Prynne.

"Never mind that," said the Colonel, "you see we wish to be better acquainted."

By his guidance they soon recovered the right road, and found a safe passage over the river by the ford. The Irish lads who had rowed the boat, after they had laid down their baskets, returned to propose carrying the soldiers over the water. But this was unnecessary, as the officers gave their horses to take them up in succession. In the mean time the baskets were found to contain a fair supply of beef, boiled and roast, and a plentiful quantity of coarse bread, viands which were soon and pleasantly discussed, the officers and their entertainer taking a little priority in what afterwards became public property.

"And now, Cisley Aheager," said the Colonel

to the matronly owner of the cottage before which they had halted, "where is your own treat? Send my own child with it, though I don't wish to show little Norah to the strangers except to keep up the credit of the country; and if she was not modest as well as handsome, she should not be seen on this occasion."

"Go avourneen," said Cisley, "bring the flask to the master, and the little silver cup to drink out of. It's not my treat, though he says it, but his own."

Here Norah, however dutiful, rebelled, her modesty for a time overcoming her obedience.

"You child, you, sure they won't harm you," said the mother, "and the Colonel with them; he would not let all the sogers in the king's army affront you, if they were so inclined; but they are not rude men or officers, so let them get the Dogh a doris."

At length Norah was prevailed on, and though covered with blushes, did not entirely lose a natural grace of manner in presenting to the

Colonel and his guests the bottle and cup, which, to recommend, he said contained some of his old sea-store when he left Flanders, and which proved to be brandy, a liquor then little known.

“This is all the differ we will make between the men and ourselves,” said he; “as we can’t work miracles, the flask would not go round them; so here’s their health and yours too, gentlemen, and welcome to the Macmahons’ country. They’ll give you wine at my cousin’s, and at your countryman’s, Major Willoughby. You need not be ashamed of him, I can tell you that: he has held his foot well in this country, because we like him, and he is the right sort, friend or enemy. Norah, go in now, dear; you must not look after these sogers any more, for fear you would forget your own Hemus.”

This he said, on perceiving that the officers had been pressing her to take some remunera-

tion for herself and the men who had carried the provisions.

"Now go home, Culla; we are all friends, and will always be so. Bring my horse the near cut to the top of the big hill. I'll show the sogers the way to their quarters, and perhaps sleep at Conagh, after I see them safe."

"We are quite ashamed," said Captain Prynne, "at all this friendly anxiety, but cannot permit your leaving home on our account."

"Leaving home, did you say? My dear, it is only home I am going when I go to Conagh; that's where our own chief lives, and where all Macmahons find a home and a hearty welcome, at least such of us as have been abroad; if we come back again, and do nothing to shame the family. And sure that's the reason why so many of us go to Germany, and France, and Spain, where they don't think we fight the worse for being Papists; besides, you know we

have no great encouragement to be soldiers at home."

"We don't trouble ourselves much with these matters," said the officers. "We treat all as good subjects as long as we find them so, nor do we see why you should not be good soldiers at home as well as abroad."

Their new acquaintance seemed desirous, as they proceeded, to render himself as agreeable as he had been useful. He gave them the history of the few habitations they passed, but said he had no great reason to boast of the improvements of his namesakes.

"But you know," said he, "we thought our country good enough to give up to strangers, and we were always loth to make it better, for fear your countrymen would take a fancy to it, bad as it is. We got a promise from the last King, and since that we made a few buildings, but we don't like the way your Parliament goes on now, and we will keep as we are till we see farther."

"We are sorry for your own sake," said Captain Prynne, "that you don't feel perfect confidence, and that anything should prevent your adding to your own comforts. From your kindness to us, we should have hoped that our countrymen stood high in your regards."

"And to be sure they do, when they use us like men," said the Colonel. "But you know," continued he, "under one pretence or another we got no fair play till King James's time ; and we would go round the world for him, and for his son too, God bless him ! And we hear he has but a sore time with that same Parliament of yours, and his crooked-grained Scotch friends. If he wanted a little help to keep them quiet, we could raise him a pretty little army that would stand by him. The poor fellows that showed you the way over the ford were not a bad sample of recruits ; though only in their glibs and saffron shirts they looked nothing beside your handsome well-dressed fel-

lows. But they are stout-hearted, and true to a cause they like ; and we could raise a thousand such in this country, poor as it is, if they were much wanted."

In conversation such as this the time passed agreeably until the party reached the hill, or rather the succession of hills, which effectually concealed, though they adjoined, the spot where the barrack stood. They were, however, sufficiently apprised that they were approaching the place of destination by the number of men, women, and children, which had assembled on the road, and in the fields, and continued to escort them with shouts of welcome and wonder, till they arrived at the hillock upon which the barrack stood, which was entirely covered by a multitude in waiting, who had taken their stand for the purpose of getting a nearer view.

The Colonel, who seemed to know many of them, had been chiding them by name, for pressing upon the 'sogers ;' and Captain Prynn

had found it necessary, in a good-humoured way, to order his men in the front to make room to advance.

“Bad manners to you!—but that I need not wish,” said the Colonel; “do you want to make them fight their way already? (It’s all kindness, Captain,” said he, in an under voice). “Won’t you let them see their own house, such as it is, after their coming all the way from England to show you how to behave yourselves? Arrah for shame, all of you,—and you amongst the rest, Teady Macrory—sure you ought to know better! How is your mistress and Miss Ellen? and where’s the Macmahon himself, and Major Willoughby? and why ar’n’t they here to meet their friends, and not leave all to this raff? Arrah, Colonel dear, and is that you? Don’t be *unasy*.”

“They’re *here*, sure enough,” said the person to whom the Colonel addressed himself, “but they’re inside the house *yonder*, givin orders.

Don't you see old Jowler at the door, and little Boirhome the wolf-dog? Did you ever know the master far off where they were? And here they come altogether, success to them!"

By this time a passage had been opened through the crowd, from the street to the barrack, which was within a few yards; and the door of which had been guarded by the afore-said Jowler, a large buck-hound, and Boirhome, a wolf-dog of huge dimensions, who, as the door opened, seemed to watch their master's signal for the kind of demeanour he should direct—whether to spring forward or to crouch; but in the meantime joining their deep-toned and suppressed growling to the music of the echoes.

Having caught the glance of his eye, they moved on with restrained authority, which produced respect by the same influence that generally obtains it for favourites in a great man's

presence, who lead the way in surly state, to show that the great man is at hand.

Then came forward the Macmahon, with a strut of dignity, and a look of conscious kindness and hospitable eagerness to accost the strangers; and Major Willoughby advanced with nearly equal speed and no less kindness, but as if he wished to regulate his mode of giving welcome by a glimpse of previous observation of the persons with whom his acquaintance was to commence.

The Colonel, who had been so useful a guide, again volunteered his service opportunely as master of the ceremonies.

“Here they are come at last, Macmahon; and, Major Willoughby, you will also be glad to see them. And they’re pretty gentlemen, I can tell you that, as you would see in a summer’s day, if I have any knowledge of gentlemen and soldiers *also*.

“This tall gentleman with a short name is

Captain Prynne, of Colonel Sir Francis Willoughby's independent company, and his young friend is the Colonel's nephew, Ensign Montgomery.—Captain Prynne and Ensign Montgomery, this is Macmahon of the Dartrey, and this is Major Willoughby of Carrow Park, your countryman. And now that you know each other, and have shaken hands, I hope you'll be good friends all your lives, and that I may live to see it.

“We heartily concur in all the wishes for friendly intercourse which our neighbour has expressed,” said Major Willoughby, “and we hope to be forgiven for inspecting your barrack before your arrival. My good neighbour Macmahon, and myself, have been examining the accommodation provided for you, and both of us heartily wish it was better. We have got beds and billets for such of your men as may not have room within your new habitation. As to yourselves, you must put up with such

fare as my roof will afford, till you can do better. You will be within a musket-shot of your men, and can see them in a few minutes at any time."

"Neighbour, you have taken the start of me," said Macmahon, "and though I would be glad to have them all to myself, we won't fall out about good fellowship: and, my dears, on your own account I will make no objection, for you will be much better lodged with the Major than you could be in my old habitation, which I mean to improve, by throwing it down, and building a good castle at last. But such as it is, I hope you'll not take my word for it, but come and see how we have contrived to live in it, since long before your countrymen came to show us the way to build better ones."

After the reciprocation of kind offers and thanks which followed, in a spirit of increasing satisfaction on all sides, the baggage was

moved into the barrack, where a good supply of food had been provided for the soldiers.

This preliminary parley ended in the acceptance of Major Willoughby's invitation of the officers and the Macmahons to dinner at Carrow Park, on the next day ; the officers finding it necessary, as they alleged, not to separate from their men, until after they had made some trial of the behaviour of their party and the people of the country towards each other.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the officers arrived at the Park, they were received with manifestations of welcome by a large retinue, which, beginning at the gate-keeper's lodge, continued to escort them till they reached the house. The servants of the house were in waiting at the door, and by an eager and respectful attendance gave demonstration that a cordial reception awaited them within, which was fully verified.

Major Willoughby introduced them to his wife, and son and daughter; and said he was happy to avail himself of his claim as a countryman, to bespeak an intimate and friendly intercourse, which he was encouraged the more to expect, from discovering by a letter of introduction, that he had found a relative of no very remote kindred, in his young friend Ensign Montgomery.

These kind overtures were returned with suitable acknowledgments by both officers, who very ingenuously expressed their agreeable surprise as to the disposition of the inhabitants generally, which had been much more friendly than they had made up their minds to expect, fearing, as they did, that a prejudice might have been excited against the intention of their mission ; instead of which, they had experienced only increasing civilities.

Captain Prynne said he would have envied his young friend's claim to kindred with his host the more, if he had not discovered that the friendly attentions he had himself received required no increase.

"And then," said he to Montgomery with a smile, "you see they have discernment enough to distinguish me on my own account, and not for the sake of my friends."

"In which case they must have been most rapidly sagacious, dear Captain," said Mont-

gomery, "in discovering your merits before you have had the opportunity of showing them. As to me, I am satisfied as to their predilection, though I *do* owe it to my friends."

"But I see enough to make me desire to gain a little favour on my own account," said he, bowing to Mrs. Willoughby and her daughter.

"We have not the least objection to your best exertions," said Mrs. Willoughby, "and it is in your favour that you commence them with every reasonable prospect of success. You must, however, do as much to acquire our regard as if nothing had been gained by cousinship."

"Still I should fear to forego the advantage," replied Montgomery, "and particularly with such a probability of competition; and where, as you see, my own Captain and brother-officer has advanced a rivalry of pretensions already."

Here, reader, with your good leave, I am inclined to think that this is as good a time and place as any other, to introduce you to a little farther knowledge of some of those persons who are likely to come in for a share of your notice in the sequel of this true history.

Mrs. Willoughby, the very amiable joint owner of the comfortable and hospitable mansion into which our military friends have gained so auspicious an entrance, was a lady of good family, as it used to be called before the change had taken place, which, during the subsequent depression of royalty and high rank, had given an opportunity to many then at the bottom of the wheel, to rise into higher estimation. But this lady was one, who, if merit had been her only recommendation, would have been well entitled to favourable opinion at any time. Her education had been of that superior order which the literary acquirements of England's virgin queen, and other distinguished

pupils of the famous Roger Ascham, had proved to be within the reach of female attainment. She was a descendant of one of the select few who enjoyed the advantage of that instruction which had prepared them to fill stations of eminence, and either to enjoy power, or to suffer from its exercise, contingencies then very common, and which rank could neither confer, nor exempt from, with certainty, during those reigns in which the sovereign authority was directed by caprice, as frequently as it was controlled by wisdom. When Mrs. Willoughby was married to the man she loved, the match was not reckoned as advantageous as from her fortune she might have expected ; but when it was known that her husband was to settle in Ireland upon the property obtained as before related, her relatives murmured against the lot upon which she had lavished her money and her accomplishments. But not so the person who was principally interested ; she accom-

panied an affectionate husband from an unfeigned desire to divide the good or ill of life in the true spirit of her marriage vow; and when her husband afterwards gave her the choice of returning, she preferred remaining in their new residence, to which she became every day more attached, partly because she found it would be advantageous to her family, and partly from her having been successfully and agreeably employed in some improvements of which she had taken charge—to wit, the cultivation of a garden and shrubbery, and the still more interesting care of her two children, who had continued to grow up healthful and promising plants, likely to reward her parental care and anxiety.

Nor did she entirely confine her tutelage to her own household, but had extended her pleasing occupation by promoting a desire for knowledge amongst the children of her tenants and neighbours.

This excellent helpmate, who possessed literary qualifications more than sufficient to form a blue-stocking store, if such had been the costume of female erudition in her day, instead of repining that her lot was placed amongst a less informed society than that to which she had been accustomed in early life, was thankful to Providence for having placed her in the situation where her acquirements were most precious in their value, by being useful to those who had her best affections.

It would, however, be conferring more perfection than she was entitled to, to say she was entirely free from all pride of knowledge, particularly when her pupils showed a corresponding desire for improvement. Upon these occasions she was not altogether proof against a little self-complacency, and would mentally, at least, congratulate herself on the capability she possessed, and sometimes when she could not conceal her satisfaction, her husband, though

much more vain of her acquirements than she herself was, would smile as if he had made a discovery, and playfully upbraid her as the vainest learned lady in the world.

The appearance and manners of the young people did no discredit to the parental care which had been bestowed upon them. The son Charles was a handsome youth, sufficiently grown to render it doubtful whether any increase of stature would improve his manly appearance ; and though he did not shun his studies, it was evident from what he said and looked that he was very well pleased at the prospect of an agreeable addition to the society of Carrow park, even under all the hazard of its interrupting the regularity of his literary occupations. Indeed, he might have been detected in looking rather archly to his mother and sister, particularly after the officers came, and when the conversation turned on the probable amusements of the country, as if he were already lodging

an appeal against the strictness of former discipline.

His sister Elizabeth was two years younger, and at that interesting period when features and dispositions are beginning to expand, but still require the maturing aid of a few more seasons before one pronounces absolutely as to the decided character of either. She was, however, a promising flower of the spring of 1637, whose interesting and animated appearance excited a most favourable predilection. By a prudential delay of exhibition, she had been continued in a state of tutelage, which had not permitted her taking part in any of the entertainments which had been outside of their own family circle. She was this day, however, to be brought into a more numerous company than usual, and to receive a first visit from her young neighbour Ellen Macmahon, who had just returned from Spain, and was nearly of the same age.

She had been for the last two years in the convent where her mother had been educated. She had acquired some knowledge of the Spanish language, and a little more of the English ; but her own, in which she had received her early rudiments, was that in which she could most readily converse.

She understood a little music, so as to touch the guitar and the Irish harp, and in a very sweet voice could sing some Spanish madrigals, and accompany on the harp the plaintive airs of her own country.

By her residence in the convent, her religious rudiments would have led her to consider Protestants as unfriendly to her religion ; but this prejudice appeared to yield to the liberal and free-hearted manners of Elizabeth Willoughby, particularly after she had the opportunity of observing that in the Willoughby family there seemed to be no ill-will or suspicion on account of religious distinctions. Not that Elizabeth

or her brother had been neglected in the religious part of their education, by parents who were so capable of discerning that all the good and evil of life may generally be traced to the influence of religious principles, or the want of them.

They had been carefully instructed in the distinctions which had rendered necessary the great separation from the Church of Rome, in which the English nation then generally concurred. But they had also been instructed that religious persecution or enmity, on account of religious opinions, where they were sincere, formed no part of the Protestant faith.

CHAPTER VII.

MAJOR WILLOUGHBY's invitation had been successful in collecting such of his friends and acquaintances to meet the officers as furnished rather a favourable specimen of the society of the neighbourhood.

Some of the party were the descendants of English settlers, who had purchased lands at a moderate price, which had been rendered valuable by their improvements. Their wealth, which had increased by their skill and judicious management of their property, had gained for them the respect and estimation which are generally conceded to prosperous circumstances, particularly where there is an opportunity of contrasting them with the decline, that with equal certainty attaches to imprudence, or extravagant and heedless inattention.

This natural effect was beginning to show itself in favour of the English families, who were gradually extending their estates, and advancing into the station in society to which the Irish proprietors would have had prior claim, if their habits of living had been formed with equal regard to their probable means of maintaining their expenditure. But in too many cases there was an unfortunate defect of calculation, partly to be accounted for by the carelessness connected with their former custom of living with the chief, and partly by the difficulty of reducing anything that is once considered as an appendage to the rank we may have held in society.

When the Irish properties had been apportioned under James I., they were very considerable ; but in many cases they had rapidly diminished and changed their owners, or were heavily encumbered by loans, which had been supplied by their more frugal neighbours.

The chief himself, Macmahon, had not entirely escaped the injury that too surely attends this deceitful mode of continuing to support appearances ; and several of his name and kindred had followed his example in having recourse to similar expedients. They were rather a poor gentry, who had retained little of their ancient properties, except their pride and a spirit of careless cheerfulness, which remained undiminished, though several of them had no other means of maintaining it than by the kindness and good-natured hospitality of their chief.

There were, however, a few of them at this time, of a more independent and respectable character, who in order to prevent the decay of their patrimony, had sought for, and found, an honourable employment in the military service of foreign states, for which they were well qualified by their courage, and a restless contempt of the habits of domestic industry,

which they considered as degrading to their rank.

In the course of the *thirty years' war* which had desolated the Continent, they had been engaged with various success, and some had returned to their country, if not greatly enriched by the spoils of conquered cities and fields of victory, at least remunerated by titles of military rank, which they had acquired, and which, perhaps, were of more value in their own estimation, and that of their countrymen, as being entirely unattainable under their own government. The Colonel Macmahon who has already been introduced, was amongst those who had been so distinguished, and two others of the same name, who had obtained the same grade, were amongst the company upon this occasion *.

But all who were assembled were emulous

* One of them commanded the Irish army near Drogheda, in 1641, and took the Castle of Mellefont.

to pay their attentions to the strangers : those of English birth considering them as having a claim to the kind feelings which persons from the same country extend to each other when they meet in a land of strangers, and the gentlemen of the county who were Irish, and the Irish officers in particular, were desirous to show their wish for further acquaintance with them as brethren of the sword.

The manners of these latter had not deteriorated in their military adventures. They had seen much service, and were just returned from scenes of active warfare, where the greatest generals had opportunity of displaying their skill in the murderous excellence of destruction, and where personal bravery had often led to fame and glory. They were therefore, generally, welcome guests, not only with their own countrymen, who were proud of their achievements, but were also well received in the houses of the English settlers, where, as

military men of experience generally do, they contributed a full share to social entertainment and agreeable conversation.

The writer of the Macmahon manuscript dwells upon these circumstances with an anxious interest, as if to show that peace and tranquillity were at this time undisturbed, and in a fair train of improvement ; and we so far fall into his view of the case, as to state our belief that at this period no interruption of the general good will was meditated amongst the Irish families, nor apprehended by the English settlers, though the latter were so shortly afterwards to be the victims of deep-laid plans of insurrection.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE entertainment given by Major Willoughby on account of the officers, and which continued for some days, was followed by a round of hospitable invitations from those of his guests and neighbours who had the opportunity, of which they gladly availed themselves, of commencing acquaintance.

In those days, distance, and even bad roads, were seldom permitted to obstruct kind intercourse; and it so happened that before the expiration of the second month after their arrival, the officers had visited the principal families in the immediate neighbourhood, and in the adjoining counties of Fermanagh and Cavan.

It appears by the manuscript, that Ever Macmahon, then the Corbe* of Clunys, and

* The Macmahon procured the Corbeship of Clunys for his eldest son from Queen Elizabeth. It was long before granted

head of the abbey of that name, which still retained some of its ancient titles and privileges, though the lands which supported its former splendour had passed over to secular use, was very solicitous to promote the intercourse between the family of his brother and the heritor Willoughby; and had conceived the intention of strengthening it by a more intimate union when the young people would arrive at proper age. He said, that in marriage he made no obstacle of the difference in religion, and mentioned the example which had been given in the marriage of the King, who had wedded a Catholic, and that the religion of neither was interfered with.

This was an opinion which his nephew, young Hugh Macmahon, who was growing up to manhood, warmly supported. He began to be

to Sir Henry Duke, and was afterwards in the possession of Sir Francis Rush, from whom it descended to the Dacre family.

—*Sir John Davies.*

captivated with the charms of Elizabeth Willoughby, though neither he nor his uncle had expressed their wish except in their own family ; where, however, it had met with great encouragement from his father, who said, that now as he would be enabled, by a grant from the Crown, to settle his property, there was no way in which he would more gladly promote his son's happiness. "But you know," said he, "we can only be sure when we know further than one-half of the match-making—that is, its having our own consents."

These plans, however, if such they could be called, were only in embryo ; and the desire for friendly intercourse had been made apparent by many acts of attention and kindness on the part of the Conagh family, before any more interested intention was contemplated. Young Macmahon had discovered a warm attachment to Charles Willoughby, and wished to engage him in all his sports ; and though Charles ge-

nerally consulted his father before he indulged his own inclinations, yet he was always glad to participate when there was no prohibition.

Macmahon, eager in whatever he undertook, seldom failed to gain his point in making his friend his companion in the chase ; but it was observable that as he grew up more to manhood, he did not press him as earnestly as before : for the truth is, a passion still more interesting than that for field sports had begun to engross his mind. And in the hope, or for the chance of seeing Elizabeth, he was glad when an opportunity would offer by his friend declining to join him : and on these occasions love had inspired him with some ingenuity in taking advantage of them by making some other friendly overture, which generally succeeded, in his being invited to alight, by which he sometimes saw the person who now began to occupy his principal attention. In the mean time, even this gratification was not wholly free from un-

easiness, and the delight he took in seeing this interesting young person was frequently mingled with fears that those charms which were now beginning to unfold would be discovered by others whom she might consider preferable to himself. Supposing him to have nothing to dread from competitors in his own country, here were two who might prove formidable rivals, in the officers who had lately arrived.

Captain Prynne, who commanded the company in Killeevan barrack, was said to be the son of a wealthy commoner; and though he was at that time of life that he was sometimes jested with on the chance of his becoming an old bachelor, yet his gentlemanly and steady conduct, together with his being an Englishman, raised formidable qualifications, if he should happen to prove a rival: and there was also his subaltern, a young gentleman of good property, just coming of age, and possessing, to the great an-

noyance of his hopes, a most engaging exterior. He was tall, handsome, and lively, with all the advantages of military dress and address, and the profession of a soldier—then held in the highest estimation.

These were disheartening circumstances, even to a youth of Macmahon's sanguine temperament, who had generally been indulged and treated as the heir of a family that had exercised great authority in its own district. But still he could not avoid making apprehensive comparisons, though they did not prevent him from continuing his assiduities of every kind.

The officers had partaken of the sports of the country, as far as the season had permitted; and as there were few obstacles from tillage or inclosures, they frequently had enjoyed the delight of hearing, and being led by the music of the deep-toned stag hounds, and of picking up the slat of the wild deer before the dew was exhaled from the green pastures, which were only

separated by the numerous brakes that served as natural boundaries. These afforded browse and concealment to the herds which then luxuriated over the varied surface, which the hand of labour had not yet reclaimed; and of which they divided the occupancy with the tamer animals that in considerable numbers partook of the food which nature had liberally spread over the hills and valleys of the Emerald Isle.

The buck-hounds of Conagh were the chief enemies and disturbers of these quiet repasts amongst the hills and valleys, where the wild deer had no reason to join in the general joy at the arrival of the officers; for Montgomery, who had an ardent love for the chase, had been the inciter of more frequent annoyance than they had suffered for some time from young Macmahon, who, before his arrival, had begun to slacken his zeal, for the reason already mentioned. But he found so active an associate and competitor for the pleasure of the chase

in Montgomery, that he was readily induced to resume his early predilection, from which he had only been diverted by a stronger attraction. Besides, he comforted himself with the expectation, that whilst his new companion was as keenly engaged as himself in one pursuit, he had less of the opportunity which he would otherwise have enjoyed of following the other, in which he much more dreaded his rivalry. One of the contingencies, however, to which the chase in its great variety of incidents is liable, had nearly put an end to all competition between the youthful aspirants for pre-eminence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHASE.

THE hounds, without much previous notice by trailing, had abruptly broke in upon the seclusion of a small herd of red deer, which on the first impulse of their terror seemed inclined, after a few bounds, to stand at bay rather than attempt to escape by a narrow opening of the brake that nearly enclosed them. Having, however, made their timid election of *sauve qui peut*, and burst their way, the whole pack pursued them with an eagerness excited by the view of the fugitives, most of whom, however, had soon shaken off their fell antagonists, who lost their first advantage of the view by attempting to seize upon too many victims, as avarice is sometimes foiled by grasping at more than it can retain.

Soon, however, the skill of the huntsman directed their more certain power of following their game by the scent. He had observed the course of a stag, who had remained as if he had meditated resistance till all his associates had escaped, and who was thus separated from them by considerable distance, and a distinct range of flight. But when the hounds were laid on, they soon joined in the full cry of discovery, and with admirable precision formed a line of pursuit, as if each hound had a distinct view of the far distant game, all running breast-high, and though not with equal speed, yet rendering it every moment more manifest that they were gaining upon their victim. In the course of the run, the stag had essayed to join his former *velvet friends*, to whose protection he had contributed by his own danger, but with too just a resemblance to the ingratitude of a higher species, they refused to associate with misfortune, repulsing

his overtures for sympathy, and participation of safety, and abandoning him to his fate. This was nearly determined, when the hunters came up after a hard and continuous chase over a hilly country, which had tried their horses mettle and speed, and their own perseverance.

Macmahon and Montgomery were as usual at the head of the horsemen, and as the stag, on approaching a swampy thicket, appeared afraid to entangle himself, and too faint to run farther in the open country, or take the soil in a lake which they now approached, both made an emulous effort to save him from the hounds who had closed in upon, and began to fasten on him. Montgomery had leaped from his horse, and was eagerly but unguardedly running forward, to extricate the noble and nearly-vanquished animal, who still made indignant resistance to his numerous persecutors, when, by a sudden effort, as if he had waited for an enemy worthy of his last

struggle, he sprung off the ground, carrying aloft a hound that had clung to his haunches, and with all the force of an infuriated resentment he struck his intended deliverer upon the breast, and brought him stunned and senseless to the earth. There he stood over him for an instant, and in vindictive triumph (his large eyes glaring with madness and pain) had now taken his aim to gore him with all his remaining strength, a fate which young Macmahon (though he had leaped forward to divide the danger) could by no exertion have averted; when, fortunately, in the crisis, an ally, whose power was more adequate to the exigency, interposed.

Boirhome, the wolf-dog (whom we have elsewhere mentioned as the constant attendant of Macmahon), had followed his master, who had just come up as the stag stood at bay, and with that instinctive sagacity which sometimes has been known to instigate the faithful

race of dogs to save human life, leaped at and caught the stag by the throat, and with resistless fierceness dragged him to the ground in the only moment that could have saved his master's friend from sudden death—if, indeed, it had not already been inflicted—for there the poor young fellow lay, without sign of life or power of motion.

In the bustle and confusion of the rapid occurrence, and from the want of suspicion of serious danger ever befalling in sport, any remaining vitality might have been trodden from his frame by the crowd, but for young Macmahon, who had seen the tremendous shock with which he had been prostrated, and caught him up in his arms, calling aloud for help, for as yet there was no appearance of returning animation.

Dismay and gloom now gave a melancholy change to the countenances of all present, which so lately were joyous and exulting; and

a pause of some moments ensued before anything like remedy or examination of the injury was attempted. Fortunately, however, Colonel Macmahon had arrived—who seldom lost his self-possession—and took the first means that the case suggested, by opening a vein in Montgomery's arm, in which he succeeded as if he had been accustomed to perform the operation; and as the blood began to flow, other appearances followed which gave hopes that life was not quite extinct.

The sufferer uttered a deep groan, and having thrown off a quantity of clotted blood, began to breathe at intervals, as if the circulation was forcing its way through the obstructed channels. But he was a long time before he could open his eyes, or discern anything, or know his friends who surrounded him in eager solicitude, watching for the hope of returning life and reason.

Captain Prynne was amongst the last of those

who arrived, and his feelings of apprehension and sorrow for his young friend may be better imagined than described.

He was quite unmanned by the accident that involved so many fearful anticipations, and appeared utterly deprived of his wonted strength of mind, particularly when his inquiry for medical aid was not satisfactorily answered.

"Gracious God!" he exclaimed, "what will become of his wretched mother if help cannot be had, and the wound should become mortal, though it may admit of cure. If we only could find a physician or surgeon!"

"Captain Prynne," said the Colonel, "you're a sensible man, but you must not too readily give way to your fears for our young friend. As to what is to be done, we shall soon know a little better. In the mean time we have gone the right way to work so far, and there is now only one way, and so we need not be advising

about that. Our friend, as soon as he can bear it, must be moved to the nearest bed, where it may please God he may not remain very long—that is, if he does not wish it himself; and as to that I can say nothing more, for it is in my own house, which, by good luck, is just at hand, and I never liked its situation so much before. There's life in the poor young fellow's eye yet, and blood enough in his body, if we can keep it cool, and with a brother soldier to tend him, and a soldier's wife to assist—who has seen deadly scars enough in her early days—I hope we shall have a luckier end to the day's sport than I thought we should at the first view of the stag's death-struggle. By my soul's salvation, and Boirhome did good service after all; and in the whole course of my bloody experience I never witnessed a better-timed interposer to stop the *coup de grace* from finishing a friend who was *hors de combat*, as we say in France."

“ Young Hugh did his best ; but what signified it at that time, except that he might have got the antlers into his own body ? ”

“ My dear Captain, they don't understand the chase in this ignoramus of a country. To hunt a stag like that, your Hungarian, or German Baron, would set out with his short matchlock loaded, and his *couteau de chasse* unscabbered, ready to hamstring or stab a refractory buck that would not take his death like a quiet good Christian, without turning on his pursuers.”

Though Captain Prynne would have excused the digression to German hunting, as diverting the Colonel's attention even for a moment from his friend's state, he felt encouraged by the cheery looks and manner of one who must have had experience in wounds and accidents ; and as we are not unwilling to depend upon the skill of those who give opinions according to our wishes, his hopes were raised by the confident tone in which he talked of his friend's

recovery; but as expectation, principally supported on wishes, might prove fallacious, he, and all the surrounding friends, were greatly relieved on finding that the horns of the furious animal had not penetrated.

In the mean time the messenger who had been sent to Colonel Macmahon's house returned, bringing some cordials, which, being applied to Montgomery's lips, produced a restoration to consciousness, that enabled him to see and know his friends, though he had not bodily strength to raise himself from the ground, nor was thoroughly sensible of what had befallen.

"My dear fellow, God has been good to you," said the Colonel, "and I hope you will soon be well enough to know how he helped you when none else could. But you must be very good and quiet; aye, and submit to be sick awhile too, and you'll be the sooner well, honey; and so we'll talk no

more at present, but just help you on to a friend's house hard by, and you'll not like it the worse that it belongs to the first that welcomed you to this wild spot."

Montgomery's friends now pressed round to partake of his recognition, but the Colonel, seeing that he was not equal to any effort, ordered them all to a proper distance :—"All in good time, neighbours," said he; "you see how he suffers from the least movement, and it will be great doings for this day if we can bring him where we can take better care of him. And now we must all help by turns, for you see he can't sit up to help himself. Bring forward that litter here, Culla, till I see how you have minded what I bid them tell you;" and here a couch (which was neither more nor less than a door covered with a mattress of rushes, and placed upon two strong poles, to which it was lashed) was laid down beside Montgomery, who was desired to let

himself be moved on it without any attempt to assist, if it gave him pain—as it evidently did, though he endeavoured to conceal it.

“Now *my* men,” said the Colonel, “will take the first turn, and four more of you be ready to take the next, and I’ll watch to see if you carry him easy, till we place him in softer hands.”

The plan was quite successful after the first movement of placing the patient on the couch. He was conveyed by relays of most willing supporters, till he was received at Colonel Macmahon’s house (a cottage in the wood), where a female of most prepossessing appearance was in readiness (with others who waited on her), and with much sympathy and humane attention sought to render herself useful.

“Minnie, jewel,” said the Colonel, “you have done everything you could; it was like to be a bad business, but I hope all will soon be better.”

"Did you send for Father Jerome to come—I suppose he will soon be here?"

"Captain Prynne, as you're a stranger here, I must tell you that Father Jerome, though a doctor for the *soul*, is one of the best for the body in all these parts. He studied for both at Louvaine, and a man must be far on his way to another world if he can't delay him a little, at least to make some preparation for travelling.

"I would give a trifle if he was now here, just to show you that I'm not a bad doctor myself.

"But all this time I forgot my manners, and to introduce you to the mistress of this poor dwelling, who is to have the chief charge of your friend.

"Willemina, dear, this is Captain Prynne, I have promised for your kindness to his friend."

The lady, with much gracefulness in her manner and benevolence in her countenance, but in broken and very imperfect English, endeavoured to express that she was never

more desirous to obey, and was much pleased to see such good signs in the young gentleman, for at this time Montgomery could speak, though in a feeble voice, and was anxious to assure them he was much better.

Here it was announced by different volunteer ambassadors that Father Jerome was just coming, and that *he* would soon cure the Sassenach sojer.

CHAPTER X.

THE PRIEST.

THE crowd which had collected about the door made a passage for the venerable ambassador of health, who had hurried with speed almost marvellous, and arrived before the messenger returned who had been sent for him.

Indeed, as his desire to give relief was not encumbered by any besetting weight of corpulence, so it seldom had to encounter any of the obstacles with which indulgence is so apt to retard exertion.

His personal appearance was that of a tall, abstinent man, whose sojourning amongst his kind seemed to be more for the purpose of healing their infirmities and distempers, than partaking of the excesses which so often produce them.

His habit, which was that of the Franciscan order, added to the sanctity of his looks, which were mild, intelligent, and very prepossessing. He was received with cheers and blessings by the people, and passed on at once to the bed where Montgomery lay.

"Save you, my son!" said he, taking him by the hand and pronouncing a benediction in a low voice. "I must examine your hurt, but I will not put you to any pain that is not necessary to show how God may enable us to be of use to you."

He then gently touched his breast, and by pressure upon the part that was supposed to have been beaten in upon his lungs, he discovered that, though he was severely bruised, no further bad symptom appeared. He seemed sincerely rejoiced, and said that, with a little care and quiet, which was indispensable, he hoped he would very soon be restored to his friends.

The breaking up of the party, in order to return home, was an unavoidable consequence of a large assembly and a small house, such as was the Colonel's; in which, after the accommodation necessary for Montgomery, there was not room for any of his friends.

"You see my excuse, gentlemen," said the kind owner. "I'm so well pleased to have a spot for him that requires it most, that I shall feel no uneasiness at bidding the rest of you go about your business. It is not the first time I have made the house bear the blame of my own bad fellowship, as you well know, Macmahon. Captain Prynne is the only one I'm uneasy about. I see he is very loath to quit his friend, and my wife gave me a whisper that he could have a shake-down on the floor; and if all wasn't in a good way with our friend, we might try that same. But Father Jerome says if he gets sleep,—and he has given him a balsam that seldom fails to bring it on—he will

probably awake much better; therefore go home, good people, and set your friends at ease about the poor fellow, and don't be coming back with the hounds for a few days any way.

“ Captain Prynne, you'll come of course, to-morrow, to see how we get on; and if he is as well as I expect, we will allow you to sit by him, and, perhaps, stay till evening. But we must go on entirely by the good Father's advice. And though your friend's a heretic, you need not fear to trust him in his hands, I assure you, for he is a real good Samaritan in that point; and if Montgomery was a Jew, it would make no difference, till he had first done his best to cure him, any how.

Captain Prynne and the Macmahons took reluctant leave, Montgomery assuring them that he was already much relieved, and had perfect confidence in the skill and kindness of the friends with whom he remained. He de-

sired his regards to the Willoughbys, and the ladies of both families ; and the Colonel assured them, if there should be any unfavourable change, but which he did not expect, neither did Father Jerome, (who smiled assent,) he would immediately send a messenger.

It was agreed that they should return by Major Willoughby's, in order to apprize them of the accident, or prevent too much alarm if they should have heard of it according to the first unfavourable appearance ; and they arrived there just in time to relieve them from great terror and concern, for rumour's hundred tongues had related the adventure in almost as many accounts of the accident, but all agreeing in one or other of the facts, that *death had ensued* already, or that all hope was at an end ; and that the priest had been scarcely in time to give the Sassenach absolution.

The Major and his son had ordered their horses in great affright, though the evident

fabrication of the latter part of the catastrophe afforded some hope that more might also be exaggerated. They had been, however, sufficiently alarmed to receive the true statement with comparative gratification.

Father Jerome continued by the bedside of his patient for the greater part of the night, Colonel Macmahon and his lady watching with great anxiety until after Montgomery had a sound sleep, when they were assured by the good Father, and by himself, that he had been greatly refreshed, and that they might with safety go to their repose.

On the ensuing morning, as was to be expected, all the friends already named, and several others, arrived at the house in the wood, to make inquiries. Captain Prynne and young Willoughby were admitted into the house, and afterwards into Montgomery's apartment, under promise of silence and good behaviour. The other visitors were informed that he had

a good night, but that quietness was necessary, and that good hopes were entertained by Father Jerome and the Colonel, that in a few days he would be able to sit up and thank them personally for their kind inquiries.

Those few days, in their progress, did not disappoint the hopes thus communicated. The discipline of quietness and silence had been rigidly enforced, and even the Colonel restrained his own desire for conversation.

Father Jerome was the principal speaker, but in so low a tone of a soothing voice, that Montgomery, who had just got rid of headache and fever, which at first had been very oppressive, now wished to induce some conversation, but without obtaining any answers to his many questions, which he very ingeniously varied for that purpose.

He soon began to be heartily wearied of strict discipline, and to express his impatience to his friend Prynne, who was too good a sol-

dier to encourage any advance of position, without specific orders from his commanding officer, of whose skill in medical tactics he had now conceived the highest opinion.

Having failed in gaining his friend's concurrence, he then addressed himself, in the absence of Father Jerome, to his fair and mild hostess, imploring some slight change from taciturnity to a more cheering system, by which he might convince himself that he was once more not only restored to life, but among the living. "Ver soon, vait awhile," was all the response he could elicit; "when Father Jerome comes, perhaps."

After a few days, Father Jerome, who was unwilling to inflict more penance than the case required, gave him the pleasing intelligence that he might now try if he was able to sit up without much pain; and that, if so, he would no longer restrain him from what he hoped would contribute to his perfect recovery—

the society and occasional conversation of his friends.

The Colonel, who seemed to enjoy the new regimen as much as the patient, proposed to assist him as his *valet de chambre*, until he was able to throw his own coat over his shoulder ; and said that he and his wife would break him in to bear some noise, before he underwent the full clack of all the tongues, male and female, that were ready to open upon him.

CHAPTER XII.

MAGDEBURGH.

"Sit down here then, Minny, darling," said the Colonel to his wife; "I don't want to say anything behind your back, when I tell the strangers something to satisfy their curiosity as to your speaking broken English, not as an Irish woman, with the brogue upon her tongue, but in the still worse muffle of hard Germany.

"You must know then, my good friends, I've been very much of a stranger at home myself, and that whenever I knew enough of the difference between idle pride, and proud employment, I went where there was plenty to do, and no shame for doing it.

"I soon got on as an Irish gentleman soger, particularly after I had the good fortune to meet with my countryman, Father Jerome,

whose heart warmed to me from the moment he heard Patrick Macmahon's name inscribed in the roll of gentlemen volunteers coming from the Spanish army in the Low Countries, to help the Emperor against your brother heretics, the Swedes, under the great Gustavus ; and to give the Devil his due, it was a name he well deserved.

“ Jerome was no less than chaplain to the great Count Pappenheim, the most daring fire-eater, aye, and the coolest hot-headed skilful leader of the whole Imperial army.

“ His way was, always to attempt what no one else would, and he turned the fate of many's the battle by attacking strong holds and strong armies, in which he mostly succeeded, because no one believed it could be done ; and so, as he often told his terrible Walloons, ‘ Don't be daunted at difficulty, hurra ! The hardest thing 's the easiest ! ’ Well, be that as it may, by means of a good pedi-

•

gree, Father Jerome's interest with the Count, and my own exertions, I got on from less to more, till I found myself a colonel in the Walloons, and in no small repute with the Count as a wild Irishman. It would look like boasting to say what we did, or the half of it, and therefore I come at once to the point of my acquaintance with this lady, and of my getting the nick-name of *Magdeburgh*, by which, as I suppose, I need not tell you I am better known here than by my own name.

“On the terrible morning that *Magdeburgh* was sacked and ransacked, I had the command of a squadron of dismounted Walloons.

“It is well known that even the great general, Count Tilly, had given up all hopes of taking the town, when he was persuaded by Pappenheim, and the Council of War, to make a last trial.

“The unfortunate townsmen, and the besieged army, were off their guard. They were

so sure of speedy help from the great Gustavus, that they thought they might go to sleep, and so they did—God be good to them!—most of them never to awake again.

“My party had happened on a sloping part of the rampart and a dry ditch, and devil a one awake inside to say, What do you want? and so we got fairly over all the works and into the new town before there was any effectual attempt at resistance.

“Then the poor burghers and citizens, without order or plan, or anything but desperate courage, ran out of their beds, just to be slaughtered, which they were with a degree of vengeance that I am afraid had a great deal of *religion* in it, though it appeared to me to be a bad place and way of showing it. But the poor Magdeburghers were Protestants,—heretics like yourselves, as you know,—and had showed bitter dislike to the Catholics, the Austrians and Bavarians; and as sure as you live,

when they got the game in their own hands, they made them pay dear for their hatred ; and would you believe it ?—upon my soul it makes my heart sick even at this day to think of it !—not only men and women were put to death wherever they were met with in the streets, but were burnt in their houses, besides thousands of them drowned in the Elbe. The very children were tossed upon the spears and sabres of the conquerors ; and what do you think put a stop to such work ?—Not Count Tilly, the commander, believe me, not himself. I was present when a message was brought him from one of his generals, to implore that he might stop the terrible carnage.

“ ‘ Return to me in an hour,’ said he, taking out his watch, ‘ and I’ll see what can be done ; the soldier must have some recompense for his danger and toil !’

“ So the devil a stop he stopped them till they got tired themselves of the smoke and

the heat, and the danger of the burning houses falling upon them, and, above all, of their getting no more plunder.

“ Well, but what has this to say to my poor Minny? I’ll tell you that. When my heart was sick with such horrors, I was one of them who made a determined stand against the plunderers, and we succeeded in saving several from death. Most of them were your rich citizens and their wives and daughters; and believe me it was no easy matter to keep the wild Croats and Austrians from all manner of hellish mischief where they were concerned. But to make a long story short, it fell to my lot to save my poor Minny and her mother just after her father had been put to death before her eyes, and the dear soul had thrown herself upon his dead, or dying body, having no doubt that her turn would come next.

“ No, no, says I, villains, this is too much ! Here’s Count Pappenheim’s orders to save this

house and family, and by the Powers above, every cowardly dog shall be hung up at the door here, if you don't immediately turn out and obey your officer !

“ So, as God would have it, they got afraid that I would be as good as my word, and they slunk off and left the premises to myself and two or three of my own men, that would go to death with me or for me.

“ And then, who should I see but Father Jerome in the street, near the door, trying to appease the furious soldiers, and holding up his crucifix between them and the poor objects of their vengeance ? And to be sure was I not glad to see his Reverence, and to bring him to comfort the poor women, who were out of one fainting fit into another ? And no wonder at all, not knowing our intentions, and seeing themselves in our power, and myself stained and covered with blood like the rest of them ! But I lost no time, you may be sure, in raising

them from the ground, and lifting their hearts too, as far as I could. I told them I would pledge my life for their safety, and that everything should be done for them ; and so it was, thank God !

“ They were removed into an inner apartment, out of the view of the bloody streets. Minny's father was buried ; the servant maids were brought from their concealment to attend them, and I took up my quarters in the house, from which I did not stir till Count Tilly himself was satisfied that he had made a good job of it ; and riding through the streets to see that his work was well done, ordered solemn mass to be performed, and what they call *Te Deum* to be sung, which was as much as to say, *the murder is over*. So after that you may think that things looked better for the poor widow and her daughter.

“ They began to place full confidence in me and Father Jerome, as well they might, and as

I was rather a well-looking fellow, like the young stag-hunter here, at that time, and Minny handsome,—past the common, as ye may well suppose,—my pity for her was speedily turned into love, and her gratitude to me took the same turn ; and as I could not stay after my part of the army changed quarters, we made a soldier's marriage in the course of a little time, and I'll venture to say, till she contradicts me, that neither of us repented of it afterwards ; and as a proof of it, here she is in old Ireland, though she still has her house and property in her own country. But she says she likes the people here for their good nature, though she only understands a few words of what they say, and devil a word they know of her tongue at all at all !”

During this recital the visage of the fair Magdeburgher had undergone various changes. Her eyes had filled with tears of sorrow, as her recollections had been recalled to scenes of

such painful interest. She was, however, at intervals somewhat relieved by her husband's manner of telling the adventure, and by the glimpse of grateful remembrance with which her mind reverted to her husband's exertions in saving her life amidst such appalling dangers.

The officers expressed their sympathy, and thanked the Colonel for his interesting story, which, as they said, if possible, increased their regard for their host, who had given such proofs of kind and valorous feelings.

Montgomery said he had always heard the fate of Magdeburgh lamented as a melancholy instance of the barbarities of war, rendered more horrible by religious hatred; and that Count Tilly's encouragement of such atrocious cruelties had left a deep stain in his reputation as a commander.

"Aye, and even the great Gustavus did not escape his share of blame on the occasion, for not hastening to the relief of his Protestant

friends," said the Colonel, "for he was within three days' march of it."

"Yes," but said Captain Prynne, "I can see his best excuse in his not supposing that a commander of such distinguished fame as Tilly, and one who had never lost a battle at that time, would sully for ever the fame so dear to a great man, and which must be a main incitement to great achievements."

"The truth is, I believe," said the Colonel, "the king, who knew his enemy, was afraid to leave any chance of his own army falling into bad hands, and particularly when the duke he was coming to help was loth to trust him into Custrin to protect his rear, for fear he might not get him out again. However, Madgeburgh was a bad business, and bad luck followed it, and may bad luck always follow wanton cruelty!

"But be that as it may, Tilly was well beaten afterwards by the king, and never lifted up his head again; and many a hard run we had for

our lives, till things took a favourable turn after the siege of Nuremburgh ; and then we were sometimes the pursuers ; and so we went on one day winning, another day losing, with Wallenstein our commander, till the fatal fight of Lutzen, where the great Gustavus, covered with wounds and glory, died in battle ; and the gallant Count Pappenheim, after stopping for a time the thrice-won victory, lost also *his* life, being carried mortally wounded from the field. He was pierced with musket balls, and had six horses shot under him ; yet he would not permit himself to be removed till the whole army retreated ; and all this time a poor worthless fellow like me never received one shot, but was preserved to see my dear Willemmina once more, and to bring her home when I left the army, which I did, and so did Father Jerome, soon after we lost our great friend and commander, who died in Leipsic, where he had gained one of his first victories.

“Such, my good friends, is amongst the fates of war; and, for my part, I have seen enough of battles never to wish to see another, and if it would not affront you, I wish you may never witness one neither; but that is the worst I wish you.”

CHAPTER XIII.

MONTGOMERY's time now began to be very pleasantly occupied. He was so far recovered as to be able to sit up and receive the visits of his inquiring friends, and there was a constant source of entertainment in the good-humoured communicativeness of the Colonel, which supplied an unfailing flow of anecdotes in his own adventures, and those which he had heard from his companions in arms, which were quite suitable to the taste of his auditors.

His observations, also, on the state of his own country were very judicious, and his advice to the officers, as to the manner most likely to preserve the good will of its inhabitants, appeared to be formed with much knowledge of their character, and given with great candour and honesty of purpose.

“What Lord Strafford meant by sending you here is best known to himself,” said he, “but we’re glad you came, any way; and you’re going on very much to our mind by not *appearing* to suspect us for anything bad: and believe me it’s not the worst way to make us good, and keep us so. We’ll do anything for kindness, but it’s just as well *not* to seem to be afraid of us, at the same time.

“But, dear Minny,” said he to his wife, “we have talked enough of war; what I have now to tell you is like peace. Here’s a notice by Captain Prynne, that some of your own dear sex intend you a visit. They say it’s for you, but I suspect they have no objection to see how our young friend looks who has been under your care.”

“And most glad to see them,” said Mrs. Macmahon, “you know, my dear, I love dem much, and dey love me, and have often been ver kind before to me a stranger, and the Ensign is der cousin.”

"Oh, you're making an excuse for pretty Miss Willoughby; but what do you say for our cousin Ellen Macmahon, for she is to be of the party?"

"Ver well, dat is right; she be ver pretty too, and ver good child."

"But our patient must guard against any more wounds in his breast," said the Colonel, "at least, till he is fairly on his legs again, to run away from danger."

"Colonel Macmahon does not recommend running away, to a man in my weak state," said Montgomery, "I shall therefore make a virtue of necessity, and appear courageous, whether I am really so or not, by awaiting the enemy."

"I assure you, my young friend," said the Captain, "it is a service of danger, in which we shall not gain much character, even if we come off unhurt. I have had few opportunities of reconnoitring since you were disabled, and one

of our antagonists, at least, appears more likely to make captives than to yield."

"You mean Ellen the cold-hearted," said the Colonel, "but she has got the name before she has had time to deserve it."

"Indeed she have no cold heart, I will answer," said Mrs. Macmahon.

"Oh, yes," said the Colonel, "you know she has been quite insensible to the great Bryan Maguire, who takes it into his head to have his own consent to be her lover, and wonders she is not dying for him, because his brother is a lord. And she teaches young Ned, her namesake, to keep a respectful distance *also*, though he is a ward of the King, with a good estate. But they are a pair of bears, and no blame to her for keeping their paws off."

"She is very affable and entertaining," said Captain Prynne, "and I have been most agreeably surprised, having made up my expectation

that she would be reserved and formal, coming so lately from a Spanish convent."

"Oh, you don't do justice to Spanish education for young ladies," said the Colonel: "husbands and fathers are watchful and suspicious; but the ladies themselves, dear hearts, are under no unusual reserve. You have not, however, said a word too much for Ellen; she is a lovely young creature, as sweet as a haw blossom, and not without some of the sharpness of the thorn."

Captain Prynne then said he hoped to see them next day, and would most probably be of the escort to conduct the ladies.

"I need not say," said the Colonel, "we shall be all glad to see you. Your friend here has changed his position *several* times since we talked of the young ladies, and it's well if he sleeps as sound to-night as usual; but it's no harm to say—pleasant dreams to him!"

Montgomery had perhaps began to feel the

weariness of confinement, which the active mind of youth seldom submits to with patience, after the impulse of hope has once given the promise of returning health ; and it was the fear that friends to whom he owed so much might misinterpret his resuming his usual exercises, and suppose that he was anxious to quit or vary their society, that had restrained his desire to be again on horseback, and to visit his barrack and his friends at Carrow Park, who had a full share of his favourable prepossession. But when he found that a part of his wishes was to be gratified sooner than he had expected, this may account for his excitement, without the aid of the Colonel's insinuation as to a particular attachment.

Be this, however, as it may, it is not denied that Montgomery appeared to be under an enlivening influence, though possibly it was not beyond what the glow of incipient health imparted on occupying the imagination, from

which it had been expelled by the fears incident to severe illness. Without any doubt, however, his sleep was not as composed as on the night before; and he arose at an earlier hour, and consumed full as much time as usual in adjusting his personal appearance, and was ready for breakfast even before the usual time. But we are grieved to say, as true historians, that amongst the contingencies, so many of which are flung from the wings of the hours as they pass, to prove to mortals the difference between certainty and expectation, so here there was one that had never been contemplated.

His first discovery of the possibility of disappointment was made by the lugubrious appearance of concern which the Colonel had studiously assumed when they met.

“ Oh, my dear friend,” said he, “ we have no forecast to prepare us for what’s to happen. But we might have known from the thunder and lightning of last night that this would be

no day for ladies, young or old, to ride six long miles, unless on life or death ! See how it pours down from the angry clouds, and for any chance of *fair* weather or *fair* ladies, we might as well have remained till the usual time in our beds. And here's my poor Minny, too, that never looked out more than yourself, and has been ordering and preparing her preserves and her condiments for squeamish stomachs, none of which will taste any of her good things this blessed day, after all !"

" Ah, you be ver droll," said his wife, " you make sport of us, but wedder may change, and if our friends don't come to day, dey may to-morrow."

" They may yet come to-day," said Montgomery ; " thunder showers are partial, and it may be fair weather at six miles distance."

" Not *partial* to you this time," said the Colonel, with a laugh at his own wit : " ould Judy says it will rain all day ; the cat has been

washing her face, and she says, worse than all, this is Friday, which is not like a spendthrift, for what it gets it keeps ; so begin and compose yourself, or compose something in praise of the ladies, who, no doubt, are lamenting the misfortune, and are your partners in grief."

The result was such as to confirm the Colonel's disastrous prophecy. The rain continued to fall in torrents, and the wind blew strong from the hopeless west till all chance of a morning visit was at an end ; and though we do not venture to say that the ladies suffered as much as the convalescent in being obliged to forego their visit to the house in the wood, yet when we consider that a ride in pleasant company, even without any other gratification in view, is of some importance to those who are just admitted to the competency of partaking of that exhilarating exercise, we may suppose that some concern was also experienced by the youthful females whose intention had

been frustrated by the surly and uncompromising weather. Indeed, we are authorized in stating that one young lady expressed her disappointment at being prevented from seeing *dear Mrs. Macmahon, that interesting person*, of whom every one was so fond, and the *Colonel so pleasant and droll!* "And not a word all this time," said Charles Willoughby to his sister, "of anxiety that would be more commendable, and not less genuine, for the poor wounded stranger, whom both you and my good mother might have gone to see long ago. But Magdeburgh and his excellent wife have had all the pleasure and all the credit of his recovery, whilst we have been standing on formality, because our cousin, forsooth, is not within the prohibited degrees, and can't be treated with friendly freedom, being, withal, an officer!"

"Indeed Charles," said his mother, "you are not doing justice to our better feelings, for

we are, I hope, both of us above coquetting, and we have been watching eagerly for the opportunity of seeing our young friend, as soon as it is safe for him to undergo any exertion.

“But we heard of his probable safety almost as soon as we heard of the accident; we also knew Mrs. Macmahon’s excellent qualifications for a nurse. But, above all, we knew that the Colonel’s house was very small, and that we should only inconvenience him, without any benefit to our friend. But I have settled the matter with your father, that as soon as Montgomery can be moved with safety, we shall endeavour to prevail on himself and his friends to come to us, and remain till his health be re-established.”

In order to carry this purpose into effect, they despatched a messenger to the Colonel, with an invitation expressive of the general wish at Carrow Park to contribute to keep up their young friend’s spirits by adding them-

selves to his present society; and as this could not be done at the Colonel's house, it was hoped that they would all feel equally at home at Carrow Park, where they expected father Jerome would be induced to visit his patient; proposing that if the ride on horseback would be considered too great a trial of strength, they would bring their best and easiest carriage—namely, the *slide cur*, which being covered with a cushion, admitted of reclining upon it in an easy posture.

Our readers will not question that this mode of travelling was then the best adapted to hilly roads, and narrow passages; and the nearest approach to the various modes of easy locomotion, by which it has been ensured in modern conveyances, on patent springs and air cushions; and considering that nearly two hundred years have afforded their opportunities of subsequent invention and improvement, they will be contented to believe that the plain

and simple conveyance of the slide then contented the gentry of Monaghan, though they may not find in it the origin of the railway, so as to satisfy antiquarian researches.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the following day Montgomery was agreeably surprised by the Colonel, who came into his room at an early hour, and gave him Major Willoughby's letter to read.

"Now," said he, "please yourself; I suppose you have taken a longing, and we may as well let you die one way as another.

"Honestly tell the whole truth; do you think you are fit to travel six miles—or shall we do the wise thing, wait for six days more before we encounter any farther adventures?"

"Honestly then," replied Montgomery, "I have no fears as to the ride; and if you and my nurse will accompany, I shall be the better of other friends to help to wean me, before I leave you."

"Well, there is no love lost as yet," said

the Colonel, "and your nurse shall have the benefit of the same remedy; for as you have been a good child, Minny will be as sorry as yourself to part. I think they will all be here to-day or to-morrow, and we may make a trial of strength by riding as far as father Jerome's; it is just in the way; and if they should set out we shall meet them. So in the name of Saint Patrick we shall make the attempt, if you have a keen stomach for it, after breakfast."

This was the very project Montgomery had thought of, and the horses were ordered accordingly; all pains and aches, if not actually removed, appearing to give place to the impulse of the inclination upon the animal spirits of youth.

"Now if you were a good Catholic," said the Colonel, "this might pass for a bit of a miracle, but I fear father Jerome must divide the merit of it with younger saints."

"At all events I may venture to thank God," said Montgomery, "for the intervention of kind

friends, whose care and good wishes have proved so effectual ; for, in truth, I feel recovered beyond my hope ever since I got on horseback."

" Then you may make ready your offerings as soon as you *plase*, for yonder is father Jerome and the fair creatures, who, no doubt, have prayed for your recovery, and are coming to perfect it."

They had just arrived within view of father Jerome's cottage when the Colonel made the announcement, which was soon confirmed by their seeing a large group of persons on horseback, and the good father in front of the cottage, engaged in receiving and returning their salutations.

" Good friends," said the Colonel, " we will save you the trouble of farther inquiries. Here's the poor fellow to answer for himself, but you must not worry him with too much kindness."

Montgomery's illness had removed all the ruddy bloom of his former healthful appearance.

His face was pale, and indicated that he had endured pain, but it had not lost its natural manliness, and was perhaps more interesting to those who had seen him before his accident. All the party congratulated him with pleasure that seemed entirely unfeigned; and when father Jerome pronounced that he might continue to take exercise, the intelligence was received as if each person expected to partake of the benefit. In fact, the cheerfulness of the neighbourhood had been in abeyance since the accident, and his recovery was hailed as the signal to release the convivial spirit.

Though intercourse had been interrupted in those families with which the officers had formed acquaintance, the desire for renewing it was rather increased by the interest that Montgomery's danger had excited; and on the present occasion, the manifestation of kind feelings had the effect of maturing a familiarity that might have been of slower progress under other

circumstances; but all unnecessary formality having been removed by the undoubted proofs of good will which were given and received, the parties, young and old, soon became free from reserve, and advanced into an intimacy which rapidly increased.

There was a general consent to the Colonel's proposal of making good their promised visit to Mrs. Macmahon, with whom, after passing the remainder of the morning most agreeably, they partook of what was then called dinner, though at an hour that would now be too early for a *dejeuné*. It is only certain that it was not later than usual, in consequence of the necessity for returning before night. The Colonel having assured them that they should be sent home in good time, as, except the ducks and turkeys that had already suffered for the occasion, he did not intend to have any more lives to answer for.

Montgomery's health and spirits were so

evidently improved by the occurrences of the day, that he at once complied with Major Willoughby's invitation for the following day, with the Colonel and his *mother*, as he called Mrs. Macmahon, who agreed then to commence the weaning of her good child, with the assistance of Mrs. Willoughby and her young friends.

To which of the young ladies then present she more particularly directed her smile, when she mentioned her expectation of assistance, is not ascertained, though upon comparison a little more colour might have been fancied to tinge the cheek of Elizabeth Willoughby, than at the preceding moment; and it is certain it did not entirely vanish at the valediction which soon followed, when Montgomery thanked her for the kind interest she had taken in the accident that had kept him so long from the pleasure of her society.

According to the appointment of the pre-

ceding day, Montgomery and his friends arrived at Carrow Park, where they were received with unaffected kindness, and found a well-regulated and cheerful society, calculated to contribute to the recovery of a convalescent.

CHAPTER XV.

A RESIDENT LANDLORD.

MAJOR and Mrs. Willoughby were well-qualified to add to the improvement of society in any sphere ; but they were particularly useful in a country where, before their coming to reside in it, the inhabitants had only begun to comply with the laws and usages of civilized life.

They had many obstacles to encounter, and prejudices to remove, before their worth was known ; but their steady and persevering course of orderly and benevolent conduct amongst their neighbours, and in the management of their own family and dependants, had established such a character as gave them a very general influence, and obtained a willing deference for their opinions and example.

A line of conduct so judicious cannot be supposed to have been acted upon merely by chance; and it may be readily believed that it was formed by deliberate reference to what they considered the best and wisest rule for human guidance. They were sincerely concurrent in determining that *religion* supplied *this*, and also in the reasons upon which their religious faith was founded.

But though they were steadfast in referring to this great governing principle in all important parts of their conduct, they avoided with equal care any appearance of religious ostentation, or unnecessary seriousness.

They had no scrupulous objection to amusements, and occasionally promoted them, for the health and pleasure of the young persons of their family and acquaintance.

This rendered their house a very desirable place of meeting with the best society in the neighbourhood, so that the opportunities of

enjoying it were seldom neglected, or their invitations refused.

The great bulk of the people amongst whom it was their lot to live, professed a faith to which they appeared to be devoted ; and though they considered it to be erroneous, they made allowance for those who differed from them, and thought they would not be justifiable in feelings of dislike or enmity towards them for the misfortune of not being as well instructed as themselves. They would, no doubt, have preferred a state of society where a general similarity to their own religious opinions prevailed ; but they considered it better to come as near as possible to practicable good, than to endanger that portion of it which would probably be lost if they attempted to control those who differed from them in matters of conscience.

Hence, Roman Catholics were sometimes amongst their guests, and no invidious distinction was allowed to disturb the liberality

which prevailed at this period, more perhaps than at any other, in a country which was soon to exchange its good effects for the multitudinous miseries of religious discord, to which it owes *all* its subsequent misfortune and crime.

The evil spirit of sectarianism had not as yet, however, mingled its bitter potion in the minds of the Protestants of Ireland, nor produced any of the angry fermentation which afterwards separated them into doctrinal divisions and subdivisions, in whose dissensions charity was lost; and hence we cannot entirely refuse credit to such contemporary historians as attribute to the Covenanters and Puritans, a heavy portion of the blame of the rebellion that soon after followed the introduction of their rigid manners, and in particular, their immitigable hatred to Roman Catholics.

At this time, however, peace and harmony prevailed; and by a sort of tacit convention,

all discussion that could lead to religious animosity was avoided in those companies where Protestants and Catholics met together; or if there was an accidental allusion to religious differences, it was not contemptuous, but good-humoured, and in a way to promote mirth instead of discord.

The Colonel would sometimes jest his fair relative, Ellen Macmahon, and say it was easy to discover that she designed to make a convert of Captain Prynne, who was very fond of conversing with her; and as he was of a serious turn, and was listened to with deference and more attention than she gave to younger persons, there was a ludicrous verisemblance that afforded all that the Colonel wanted, which was a laugh, or a commencement of cheerful conversation.

“I altogether deny any such deep design,” Ellen replied. “I will not, however, entirely acquit the Captain of intending my conversion,

and perhaps my improvement, though I don't acknowledge it would be such ; but this I allow, that there is a treaty on foot, and lest you may dream of plots and counterplots in these days of mystery, I confess we meditate changes in the *state* of things, and profess great *reform*, which all state menders do, as I believe.

“For instance, I have been undertaking to teach Captain Prynne to mend the few words of my native language, which he *murders* without any intention of mischief, or *malice prepense*, and he has been generously engaging in the difficult task of correcting my barbarous attempts at English, or Sassinach, as we prefer to call the language of our masters. Now this, dear Colonel, with the little varieties with which we illustrate our compact, has furnished the principal topics of our conferences which have attracted your notice.

“And pon my vord, you be ver apt scholar,” said Mrs. Macmahon, “for here have I been at

the hard work since I came amongst my friends to learn wat to say, and can speak nor Inglis, nor Iris, vidout the laugh, though I tink I'm improve since my good child Montgomery got fond of talk, and had no lady but myself."

"You did very well for practice, my *dear*," said the Colonel, "and I suppose he sometimes made fine speeches to you, which he would rather have addressed to another?"

"No, no, you be jealous of my good child ; he love me, don't you Montgomery?"

"In truth I do," said Montgomery, "let the Colonel take it as he may, better than I do any one to whom I dare confess as much ; but the Colonel himself taught me to love you, and he must take the consequence of his own instruction and example."

"Well, here is our young lady," said the Colonel, "who has accounted for her part of long dialogues with a military commander, and I suppose *he* wishes to learn our language

from *her* as a proof of his regard for our country."

"That is at least a friendly hint," said Captain Prynne, "and to improve upon it I can assure you that I often feel most anxious to learn your language, in order to be better acquainted with your people, with whom we are under great disadvantages. We can neither think, nor express our thoughts in your language, nor they in ours; and though when Miss Macmahon speaks, or sings in *Irish*, I am pleased with the sounds, I am often tempted to wish that only one language was spoken in both countries, and if that may not be, that we were better acquainted with that of each other; for I see no such bar to friendship as not knowing how to make ourselves understood."

"No doubt," said the Colonel, "it is a great temptation to devilment, if people were so inclined, when they know that say what they

will, you can know nothing of what's going on, if they don't choose to tell you.

"But *love*," continued he, "is a kindly interpreter, and so long as we continue to like each other, the fewer words will serve our turn, and we may pick up more as we proceed.

"How do lovers, for instance?" said he, looking to the young ladies, and Montgomery, and young Macmahon, who formed rather a taciturn group of the company at that moment. "We know they seldom speak except in sighs and tender looks, and yet they often understand each other without much help from any other language. What could I have done in Prussia, if I had waited to learn the language? And yet I made myself well understood to one of a different nation, and in an unknown tongue; and when she ventured to reply in the same way, believe me that words had the least share in our increasing regards."

"Oh, but I did understand what you said,

by vat you did," said Mrs. Macmahon, "and we had no quarrel——"

"Except a little now and then," said the Colonel, "for the pleasure of making it up again. And so we must do with you and our English friends," continued he to Captain Prynne.

"I should like to begin my lessons in your language with your songs," said Montgomery. "They are sweet and melodious music, and the words, as they have been interpreted to me, leave it doubtful which come first from the heart, but both return to it for possession. 'Cusla Machree,' 'Savournah Deelish!' 'Molly Astore!'

"He must be an ill-tempered mortal, indeed, who could have an unfriendly or harsh feeling after he had heard the sweet sounds which these two ladies give to their words when they are prevailed on to sing them, and especially if they accompany them with touches of their harp."

"Oh, then," said the Colonel, "I see you are also a promising pupil, and likely to make progress under encouraging teachers, as no doubt these ladies are, when they bring you on by such gentle lessons.

"But Hugh," said he to young Macmahon, "how are you employed amongst them? You *know* the language, and have not the advantage of being a pupil. Are you admitted to the school?"

"I sometimes get in as a listener," said he, "and am not without some interest in observing how they make advances."

"You will all shortly be called upon to contribute your acquirements," said Mrs. Willoughby; "the chief has been proposing a horse-race, and the Corbe an encampment to hold the company, and various devices have already passed through his fertile brain, in order to collect and amuse our distant friends. I am no great advocate for large assemblies, but

when they are to take place, we must try to enliven them as well as we can; and the Major, I know, only waits for our young friend's better recovery to increase our party. We have hopes that the Governor, Lord Blayney, and his nephew, the Seneschal of Monaghan, will come to us on the occasion.

"A braver soldier, or kinder hearted than his Lordship, never had command," said the Colonel. "I know him well; and would rather meet him at the worst feast in friendship, than be his enemy in battle. Our battles, however, I hope are at an end; except such as the wayward urchin, Master Cupid, may aim, to disport himself withal, amongst the young and foolish."

"Keep us from battles of all kinds," said Mrs. Willoughby; "let our feasts be as they may! But I venture to pronounce that here comes a specimen of what we are soon to expect, whether of peace or *war*."

CHAPTER XVI.

THIS was said in consequence of observing that a servant had come to the door with a letter, which proved to be from the Corbe, and directed to Major Willoughby, presenting his most respectful services, and requesting that the Major and all his guests, including the officers, would partake of an entertainment in the fort of Clunys ; where he hoped they would meet with other friends, and some amusements for the morning of the day appointed.

“ You know,” said he, in a postscript, “ the Abbey has fallen into decay, and affords poor lodging to its former possessors ; but we hope for fair weather under the canopy that is beyond the works of men’s hands.”

The Corbe of Clunys was brother to the Macmahon, and nephew to the great Earl

O'Neal ; and his office was considered next in rank to that of Bishop, and generally led to it. And it was supposed he would be appointed to the next episcopal vacancy, as his family interest was highly respected at Rome, and his own talents such as were likely to recommend him to the Pontiff, with whom he had formed an early acquaintance, through Cardinal Richlieu, who had paid him attention in France, as a person connected with the old Irish nobility and gentry, and who could supply all necessary information of the state of the country. His manners and conversation having been improved by early education in a foreign country, rendered him a pleasing companion whose society was in general demand : so that when the Major informed his guests of the invitation, it was voted by acclamation that it should be accepted ; and the young people, in the eagerness of fancy, looked forward to the intended entertainment as promising some variety.

The manuscript states that this was a great feasting ; that the gentlemen and people assembled from all parts ; that the sports began with a race, in which the merriment of the Irish character was not forgotten. The rider of the last horse was to be the winner ; each rider, however, to be mounted on that of his neighbour, in order to insure honest horsemanship ; and this mode of gaining a loss was followed by great mirth and good humour. Prizes were also set up for different competitions in wrestling, hurling, and dancing, in all of which great activity was displayed : but that which seemed to cause more fun than any other, was the determination of a prize for beauty ; for which, extraordinary as it may appear, only two candidates offered, though the place was crowded with young and handsome females, who had unquestionable pretensions. The rule to be observed in the determination was, that the candidates should be veiled, or

have their persons concealed in their mantles, till the appointed judges should order them to disclose their rival charms. The young ladies of the company then assembled were requested by the chief Macmahon to make the important decision; which having been prevailed upon, after much entreaty, to undertake, the fair claimants were brought forward "with mincing steps and slow," to undergo the scrutiny. The prize, a kerchief, on which was inscribed "The fairest," was placed in the hands of one of the young ladies, who accepted the deposit on the terms that the superiority should be decided by the other ladies, and that she should only have to dispose of it as they would determine.

The adjustment of all these preliminaries, and the curiosity to witness the charms of those who, as it would seem, were not unconscious of their own loveliness, though they had hitherto concealed it, had by this time fixed the attention of the surrounding multitude.

One of the fair judges was to wave the prize kerchief as the signal for display, and two gentlemen, of whom young Macmahon was one, were to assist in removing the long Irish mantles which covered the candidates from head to foot, and had effectually concealed them from the premature view of the inquisitive crowd.

“Now let the triumph of beauty be complete,” said the Chief.

The kerchief trembled as it waved in the hand of its diffident holder. The lovely rivals were no longer hid !

“Now, fair judges, do your duty,” continued he, with a loud laugh, in which he was heartily joined by all as they partook of the discovery.

That the claimants were in nowise related by affinity of appearance to the *Venus orta mari*, but were recognized by several of the spectators as two superannuated maidens of brown and unfeminine aspect, of origin entirely terrene—

and well known as the ugliest women in the country—but famous for drollery and humour.

The unveiling was followed by peals of laughter and merry shouts, and urgent calls to the fair judges to decide upon the winner.

“Arrah, Judy, then, is it you, and are you the handsomest in the country after all?” said one of the by-standers.

“Not herself, indeed,” answered her opponent, “where do you lave me? She has neither face nor shape to compare, and so I hope our beautiful judges will give me good justice over her, and the pretty scarf to wear at the christenings.”

“What the divil brought you here at all, anyway?” said one fellow who got enraged for the credit of his country. “What will the English soldiers say of us, if they live to go home to their own country?”

“They’ll say there’s nothing like us in the wide world,” said his neighbour, “and well

they may; only I hope they'll not forget the judges, or put them in among the ugly creatures of the wild Irish."

"Naboclish man," said another, "the chief has wit in his anger! Where could he show the beauty of the country—his own sweet daughter—where she would look better than beside them bastes Judy and Nelshy?"

By this time a great number of gentlemen assembled round the prize ring, in the centre of what is now the market-place of the thriving town of Clones. There was a loud vociferation for the judges to proceed. They however declined, and recommended that the claims being so equal, they should draw lots, and the loser be remunerated by a collection among the gentry. This was soon complied with, and after drawing the longest *rush*, Judy was chaired and carried off in triumph by the crowd, whilst, as in the horse-race, the loser was the gainer, and the accidental inferiority in beauty fully compensated by the contribution.

In the mean time Miss Willoughby and the other ladies, who had been selected by the Chief to determine the prize, were relieved from the palpitation that had been excited by the fear of being obliged to pronounce unfavourably against one or other of those whom they had supposed to have been the youthful aspirants for public admiration.

The sports of the day, which had been various, were succeeded by a plentiful dinner, at which the Corbe presided; and in order to do the greater honour to the ladies, he wore on this occasion the rich dress of his office, and was attended by young Macmahon, and others of his most respectable relatives, as his *Herinachs* *, or subordinate officers, who took charge of the different tables, and provided for their supply.

The tents in which the dinner was served were

* *Herinachs* were lay ecclesiastics in the ancient Irish Church. They were subordinate to the Corbe, and managed the lands and offerings appropriated to his office, which was next in dignity to that of Bishop.

ranged on the platform adjoining the entrance to the fort, the summit of which was tastefully decorated with flags and banners, and its enclosure was used as a saloon or drawing-room, to which the ladies were to retire after dinner ; the green sward affording a rich carpet, and the sloping sides of the parapet, seats and benches for the company and spectators.

The entertainment was festive and not intemperate, though there was an abundant supply of wine and metheglin, of which, mixed with wine, it was then the custom to make a liquor resembling sack.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the ladies were leaving the dinner-table, the Corbe arose to wait upon them, and made a complimentary speech thanking them for the happiness they had conferred, and expressing a hope that as they had condescended to honour his poor banquet, so they would contribute to its happy conclusion. He mentioned that he was prevailed upon to solicit in the name of his *Herinachs*, and other young friends, that they would be permitted to rejoin their society, and to select partners for a dance. This request, after a few deliberative looks amongst the matrons of the company, was assented to, only with the restriction that it should be of short continuance, and commence forthwith.

The manuscript seems to insinuate that as the whole entertainment was intended by the

Corbe for a display favourable to his nephew's pretensions, so this sudden notice of a dance was a contrivance to give him a prior opportunity of engaging a favourite partner; for he immediately proceeded to ask Miss Willoughby, who, to his great surprise and mortification, declined, having, as it appeared, just promised to dance with Ensign Montgomery, who had conducted Mrs. Willoughby from the dinner-table, and instantly took advantage of his good fortune in being beside her daughter when the Corbe made his announcement. It is intimated, however, that this untoward circumstance shortened the continuance of the entertainment, though the company did not separate till the shades of night had given warning that even the best friends must part.

All seemed pleased with the occurrences of the day, with the exception of young Macmahon, whose apprehensions of rivalry with Elizabeth had been greatly increased by Mont-

gomery's removal to Carrow Park, since which he had, as he thought, observed many instances of particular attention on her part, and which though probably not exceeding what would naturally arise from a humane sympathy for an invalid, yet were magnified by his fears into actual proofs of preference; and they now received confirmation strong from his disappointment in not obtaining her as a partner, though *this* was evidently accidental.

Social intercourse, thus displaying a kindly spirit in cheerful meetings, and harmless pastimes, afforded proofs of a rapidly progressive civilization, which warranted the most favourable augury of the improvement of Ireland, when even this hitherto neglected district had experienced such an alteration in all the main requisites of social life. Confidence of perfect security to life and property—good fellowship and kind manners amongst the different ranks of a neighbourhood, that had increased beyond

all precedent, seemed to be so established, that common foresight would not have foreboded any unfavourable change; and the mind that would have anticipated calamity must have drawn its conclusions from other sources of apprehension than those festive scenes of hospitality, hilarity, and kind intercourse, which occupied the inhabitants of this then happy and tranquil district.

The manuscript, however, mentions that on one of the subsequent occasions of festivity which had continued with some diversity and little interruption, the governor, Lord Blayney, stated, with some regret, that there was reason to fear that all things were not as peaceful in the Sister Kingdom as in Ireland, and that at least one misfortune (which he hoped might only be temporary) was to be submitted to; for that he had received, before he left home, a despatch from the Lord Deputy, the great Lord Strafford, to say that the service of his

royal master would require his presence for some time on the borders of England, and that he was about to bring with him all the troops then effective in this quiet kingdom.

“ And, my young brother soldiers,” said he, looking to Captain Prynne and Montgomery, “ though *you* may have some compensation in returning to your own country, still I would hope you would part with regret from your friends here ; and I almost promise for both young and old, who have had the benefit of your protection and society, that there will be some wet eyes amongst them at your departure.”

The information thus communicated by his Lordship was entirely unexpected, not only to the company in general, but to the officers themselves. It seemed unwelcome, to a demonstration of concern and disappointment, even beyond what good manners would have required ; and as the governor had insinuated, so, perhaps, it was a source of more than common

regret to the female part of the society, to whom they had rendered themselves very agreeable.

To the Willoughbys the intelligence was quite distressing. They had received them with a warmth of prepossession which appeared to have been fully justified by their conduct.

The other gentlemen and ladies of the country—the natives as they were called—had been agreeably disappointed in their manners, and in the behaviour of their party, which they had dreaded at first, under the prejudice that they had been sent to keep in subjection the families which had lately acknowledged the government. But the officers had not discovered any of the roughness of command, and had judged in this respect so properly, as to be more assiduous to avoid giving them offence, than they were in their behaviour even to the heritors and late settlers from their own country. Whether the concern expressed by all the Irish

families was sincere to the extent professed, is not even hinted at in the manuscript.

But there was one who had not hypocrisy sufficient to put on the appearance of as much concern as, under other circumstances, would have been natural from the intimacy that had existed. Young Macmahon scarcely attempted to conceal his satisfaction at their departure. His fears of rivalry had raised an angry jealousy that had rankled into dislike, which had been increased and confirmed by many late circumstances, and particularly by his observing the sudden dejection that was evidently manifested in the countenance of Miss Willoughby when the intelligence was announced. A tear started in the eye of this beautiful young creature, who scarcely seemed to wish to conceal the painful sensation she experienced. Artless and innocent, she at once lamented the departure of her friends, and expressed an ardent hope that the king might soon put down his

enemies, and that they might meet again to renew their friendly regards.

The joy of the whole party, with the single exception before mentioned, was evidently damped, as if a melancholy anticipation had spread over their minds that it was not a mere temporary suspension of cheerfulness that was connected with the order for the removal of the military, but that other disastrous contingencies would arise from the state of things by which it had been occasioned. There were a few of this lately festive party whose grief was not less poignant, though perhaps it did not reach so far as the political effects. Montgomery's sorrow was not all for his king, nor the unhappy state of his own country. He had a loyal heart, it is true ; but there was another service, in which it appears he had deeply engaged, without knowing whether, and how far, it might interfere with his military duty, indeed, without even suspecting whether these

fealties might be incompatible; and we need scarcely add, that Elizabeth Willoughby was the new sovereign who divided, or rather engrossed his allegiance. For though he scarcely knew he loved, and never actually told his love, at least in words, yet he now found that he admired and regarded this interesting female with an affection which, if not returned, would affect the whole happiness of his life.

He made the discovery and the determination almost in the same moment—that as she was so deservedly dear—so beautiful in person—so pure in mind, so chastely educated, under the care of parents so estimable—he loved her with his whole soul, and his understanding approved of his choice, and therefore he would not omit the opportunity which seemed to be pressed upon him by this sudden but irresistible exigency. He would open his mind at once to Major Willoughby, and solicit his permission to make it known to his daughter.

Thus it was with Montgomery : with respect to others of the party, the manuscript is not so decided ; but it mentions, as rather an extraordinary circumstance, that Ellen Macmahon appeared to have attracted the attention of Captain Prynne, more than Elizabeth Willoughby, particularly as there had been more opportunities of intimacy with the latter, and still more as, from the serious turn of Captain Prynne's disposition, it was supposed that the difference in religion would have raised in his mind an insurmountable obstacle to such a preference. Yet love, that great and powerful, though capricious invader of the human heart, had so far levelled all difficulties, that he thought if he could reckon upon gaining her affections there would be good hope of his changing her religious principles ; and he even reckoned, perhaps, with some small mixture of vanity, on the pleasure he should have in bringing over to the truth so engaging and charming an oppo-

ment, who had maintained the estimation of her Protestant neighbours, without any dereliction of her own principles. In her manner there was a good share of self-possession, not entirely free from the appearance of pride; but there was also an ingenuous liveliness that, where there was opportunity, seldom omitted to give a playful turn to the conversation, even though it sometimes came in the shape of a little sarcasm.

With respect to the state of her opinion of Captain Prynne, there was nothing very decided, though she had appeared pleased with the attention which he paid her in conversation. The seriousness of his manner one would have supposed not to be commendatory to a young and lively female; yet so little do predilections go in any regular order, that the very gravity of his character would have been the part of it most likely to fix her regards.

Attentions from a man of reputed good

understanding are complimentary to the female who is the object of them ; and some have been found, even young and beautiful, who have preferred mental excellence to personal appearance, and other attractions which too generally influence the sex ; and there is reason to think that though there were some obstacles connected with her religious faith that might retard a final determination, yet that, eventually, these might yield to her opinion of Captain Prynne's superior judgment, if the unlucky order for his removal had not so suddenly interrupted opportunities of that intimacy which had now become very interesting to both, though it had not yet led to an actual declaration of love.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Montgomery, somewhat more ardent than his friend, resolved by the earliest dawn of the next day to make a disclosure of *his* passion. He had passed much of the night in recollection of the state of his affairs, so as to give a satisfactory account of them to Major Willoughby, to whom he intended to introduce the subject. But though his fortune was considerable, and he in a great degree his own master, (his father being dead, and his mother entirely devoted to his interest and his wishes,) yet he felt anxiety lest Elizabeth might not be attached to him with a regard proportioned to his own, or lest her father might have some other person in view; and that all that he had flattered himself with as a manifestation of regard on her part, might not arise from that affection, which he wished

her to feel for one who had now given up his heart without reserve.

He did not long continue in a state of uncertainty. He was at the park as soon as Major Willoughby was up. He apologized for the abruptness of his disclosure by the urgency of the occasion, and informed him that his daughter was beloved by him in such a degree, that he could not bear the possibility of losing her, by losing a moment of the short time that was now allowed him to endeavour to know the state of her affections, and if possible to gain them.

Major Willoughby's reply was that of a rational and affectionate father, who highly estimates a beloved child's happiness, and who is unexpectedly called upon to make a decision in a matter of the greatest importance. He said it was of such moment, that though his predilection was not unfavourable to his young friend, from his conduct and the character of his family, yet it would require deliberation,

and above all, his daughter's full approbation ; for although he might interfere to prevent, if he saw her about to make an imprudent connexion, he was determined never to press her inclinations.

Besides, she was so young he was confident that she had never thought seriously, or perhaps at all, upon the subject of matrimony ; but, at all events, nothing could be decided on till Montgomery had consulted his mother, and his English friends, as he was determined his daughter should not enter any family without a certainty of their full approbation.

Montgomery assured him of his mother's devoted regard for him, which would ensure her consent, even if Miss Willoughby's connexion and person were not so entirely desirable.

" And when I consider," said he, " how soon I must be ordered to remove, and, in the present troubled state of public affairs, that I may not even have so favourable an opportunity of

urging my suit, I must again implore you not to subject me to the danger of losing my chance of success, by permitting others who, at present, may not possess more of Miss Willoughby's regard, to improve by my absence the advantage of recommending themselves in preference."

Major Willoughby at length abated something of his unwillingness to entertain the subject. He saw that Montgomery's whole mind was set upon his daughter, and he could not deny the urgency of the occasion; but, on the other hand, this excited a parent's fears that a military life might interfere with those comforts which form the most valuable properties of the married state. He said, at all events it would be but common prudence to wait for further results, even if all other difficulties could be removed, as his honour would prevent him from leaving the army in the present state of England.

"Then let me know my fate," said Mont-

gomery; "let me offer my hand where my heart is so entirely given away! Let me have, if there be such good in store for me, the hope to console me that when these troubles cease, and these rebellious malcontents are put down, I may look forward to the blessing, without which I shall neither have life nor spirit to do anything!"

At length Willoughby's scruples were overcome, and permission was given to mention his regards to his daughter, if upon consultation with her mother there should be no particular objection on her part. The opportunity was given, and taken advantage of without much loss of time. We need not attempt to describe what was said and looked by the young person on the occasion; but a great deal of the soldier's boldness seemed to desert him, and words which came so flippantly when he pleaded with her father, did not flow with equal promptness when he wished to make the discovery to the

daughter. The declaration of his love was received by her with the most shrinking modesty, but it was favourably received.

An indescribable sensation had passed in her mind on hearing the announcement of Montgomery's recall from the governor of Monaghan, as already related. She found that he had made a deep impression where she had not suspected herself of feeling towards him more than the pleasure that arises from intercourse with an agreeable acquaintance. But when the idea suggested itself that all was to end, and that she might probably never see him more, it excited a degree of painful regret that made favourable preparation for the discovery of his affection, and hurried on the feelings of both to a degree of maturity that ended in the most earnest declaration of love on his part, and of a confession upon hers, that, with her father's and mother's consent, she would encourage the favourable sentiments she already felt towards him.

The narrative supplies no further details, but mentions what was at length the determination, —that Montgomery and Elizabeth should be considered as affianced to each other, taking it for granted that no opposition would be given on the part of his mother or guardians. That as they were both very young, they should wait the result of public events for some time longer; but that as soon as the king should get rid of the disturbances of his refractory subjects, Montgomery should leave the army, and retire with his bride to his property in England, or perhaps settle in Ireland, if it should, as it then did, afford a more peaceful prospect.

A few particulars of the departure of the military are stated, and of great regret having been expressed, generally, by the inhabitants with whom the officers and soldiers had lived in great amity.

CHAPTER XIX.

YOUNG Macmahon began now to importune his father and his uncle at once to propose an alliance; and as it was natural for them to view his pretensions in a favourable light, they seemed to think that his father's estate being settled upon him, though it owed some money to Major Willoughby, he would be considered an eligible match; and as he was a very handsome young man, of clever and showy talents, which he had cultivated under his uncle's care, it was not extraordinary that they supposed his suit would be well received. All these expectations, however, were only preludes to a disappointment of the most grievous nature. The discovery that she loved another was made by accident, but in a quarter where there could not be the least doubt of its truth.

It so happened that Major Willoughby had dined with Corbe Macmahon, and as he was a party to all his brother's engagements, and had assisted when he had received the grant of his estate under a revived title, and had afterwards obtained the loan of money for him when by the new regulations he was prevented from supplying his expenses as usual by *cuts* and *cosherings*,—Major Willoughby mentioned to him that he wished him to inform his brother that he would soon require the money he had lent him, or a considerable part of it.

The Corbe, who saw an opening for disclosing what had long occupied his mind, said that he had always understood *that* money was intended for the marriage portion of Miss Elizabeth, and would not be required till the event was near; and though, if he had the power of naming the happy man, he cared not how soon, yet very far absent indeed would he wish it if she were not destined for the

person whose happiness he so anxiously desired.

“ And now, Major,” said he (the Major having looked with some surprise, and continuing silent), “ I cannot, perhaps, do better than take this opportunity of mentioning how you may dispense with raising this money, and thereby greatly accommodate my brother, who has never thoroughly understood your English regulations ; that is, my dear sir, if our family is so happy as to find in you an equal desire for their good, and such as they entertain for yours. Without further circumlocution, my nephew, who is the hope of our family, and a most worthy young man, is desirous to lay his fortune and himself at Miss Willoughby’s feet. His father will settle his whole estate ; and my cousin in Fearnagh, who is without children, will also make Hugh the sole heir of all his great wealth. So that if your approbation is given, I would fain hope that the young lady

may be induced to bestow her hand upon a young man who adores her, and has given no peace or rest to his father and me, until he prevailed upon us to obtain an opportunity of declaring his love, which has grown up from his infancy."

This application, as may well be supposed, made a very unpleasant discovery to the Major, who, besides his reluctance to give pain, began to fear that the refusal which it became necessary for him to give might interfere with the friendly intercourse that had so long subsisted. But still it appeared to him that the only way to discharge his duty to all concerned was by a manly disclosure of the circumstances.

He said he felt the greatest concern that his nephew's affections should have been placed upon his daughter, who he was sure was quite unconscious of it; and though she entertained very friendly regards for him, had never, as he was confident, suspected the possibility of his

serious attachment. The difference of religion, though it did not interfere with her friendship, had, as he was certain, kept her from supposing that he would think of marriage out of his own Church. And, indeed, her youth had, as he thought, prevented her from forming any attachment, until a sudden discovery, almost as unexpected as that which was now made, had disclosed that she was tenderly regarded by another young gentleman, to whom he could make no objection, as his daughter did not ; and the fact was, they were now engaged by affection and contract to be married as soon as peace should be established.

The *prelate elect* was evidently deeply hurt by this intelligence. He felt for his nephew, and for the overturning of all the castles which he had been building for so long a time ; and though, on consideration, no blame could attach, except to himself and his nephew, for permitting another to step in between him and

the hopes he had so fondly indulged, yet his pride was hurt, though he had self-command sufficient to endeavour to conceal it.

But he remarked that he had to regret that his nephew's pretensions had been rendered so improbable by his being of a different religion ; an objection which he and his family had always taken pains to prove had no weight with them, so as to prevent any degree of the most intimate intercourse.

“ You must also know, my worthy friend,” said the Major, “ that there never has been the least unfriendly distinction observed in my family on that account ; though it is very reasonable that our private opinions as to what might constitute matrimonial happiness, or interfere with it, should influence our conduct, and most particularly where we could have no reason to suppose that those who differed from us did not act by the same rule.”

“ Aye, there's the misfortune,” said the

Corbe. "Had my nephew declared himself in time! But as he did not, he must now abide the chance of war, and if any kind bullet should make room for a second love, let him not lose his claim by the sheepishness that made way for his more fortunate and alert rival."

Major Willoughby declared he had never influenced his daughter's choice, though he highly approved of it; and of course his wish must now be that it should remain undisturbed by any unfortunate contingency.

"*Fortune de guerre*," said the Corbe, and the conversation changed to other topics.

The Corbe informed Major Willoughby that he was sorry to hear from good authority the declining state of their beloved sovereign's affairs. Hé mentioned that he himself had sent a proposal to the great Lord Strafford,*

* So early as the year 1634, Heber Macmahon, a Romish ecclesiastic, gave information to Lord Strafford of a general insurrection intended in Ireland, to be assisted from abroad; and that he himself had been long employed in foreign courts

offering to raise a number of men for the king's service, but that unfortunately his letter had been too late, the Lord Deputy having already sailed for England; that he feared there was likely to be some interruption to the few happy days of poor Ireland, which no man was so fit to govern as the able man who had been called away. But now it was hard to say what might happen, or whether the leaven of discontent might not be found to spread to poor Ireland, for the restlessness of the Puritans left no means untried to disturb, wherever their sour creed could be brought to mix with politics; and he also added, that he had just heard from authority which had never deceived him, that two men hated by the country had been chosen Lords Justices, who were entirely creatures of the Parliament, and that they had already set on foot inquiries into titles to lands granted by

soliciting supplies for such an undertaking. — *See Carte, Leland, &c.*

the king, and threatened to put the laws in force against Catholics, in order to provoke them to resistance, by which they might endanger their properties.

Willoughby replied that he hoped these fears were unfounded, though the removal of Lord Strafford gave cause for some apprehension that Ireland might not be so well governed in his absence.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Major left the Corbe greatly mortified at the circumstance of Elizabeth's engagement ; and it was to be feared that considering it was owing to what he called bigotry that his nephew's intentions had been wilfully unobserved, he with more than usual bitterness felt that his religion exposed him to a degrading inferiority. But his nephew was to be awoke from his dream of expectation, and he dreaded the effect of the intelligence, when he considered how his passion had been encouraged by his friends. He was afraid of some act of violence, and saw the necessity, at the same time, of not permitting him to remain any longer deceived. He accordingly soon found out his nephew, but first mentioned to Lady Macmahon and his brother what had occurred.

All were grievously disappointed, but endeavoured to bear up by rousing the family pride, which though it had submitted to seek the alliance, was induced to do so principally from habits of friendship, and a desire to gratify their son, more than from an equality of family or fortune.

“This is but weak and foolish,” said young Macmahon, “there is no inferiority, and Elizabeth Willoughby would grace a throne far more splendid than ours was in the best of its days ! I have none to blame but myself—nothing to accuse but my own stupid delay when these officers came with their feathers and military dress. I should long ago have endeavoured to know her mind. But still I am conscious I should not have started on equal ground, from the prejudice which *these Protestants* feel. They look down upon us, and treat us as if we were disqualified by our religion, even when we are before them in property.

I will either renounce this degraded faith, or I will raise it ; for I cannot, and will not, make up my mind to lose Elizabeth Willoughby, who may yet be mine, particularly if this Sassenach soldier should get a knock on the pate from the Roundheads, which is not impossible. He is gone, and who knows whether he may ever come back ! In the mean time, we must not quarrel with those who never were asked till they were pre-engaged."

The Corbe Ever Macmahon, who knew a good deal of the world, was not ignorant of the danger of feeding a hopeless passion ; and he determined as soon as possible to put an end to a dalliance which he saw must every day increase the difficulty of separation.

He dreaded also the change he had perceived in his nephew's temper, and was afraid that the restraint which he had suddenly put upon his resentment might only be a cloak under which he disguised some desperate plan

of attempting to gain the object of his desires, by which he might involve his own safety and that of his friends.

An opportunity soon offered of proposing to his nephew a change of scene, which the state of public affairs rendered every day more advisable. The embarrassment of the King, and the contests with the Parliament, now produced alarming changes in the management of public affairs. Every day brought intelligence of some new aggression, and heart-rending disaster to the royal cause. The King's most faithful counsellor and determined friend, the Earl of Strafford, had been impeached ; and after the most eloquent defence and refutation of the charges brought against him, had been hunted to death by an unrelenting party that thirsted for his blood, not to slake the appetite, but to whet the desire for a royal victim.

Puritanism, though professedly arising from

religious disgust at the manners of the Court, and the superstitions of popery, had connected itself with political revolutions, which it scrupled not to accomplish by crimes much worse than those which it proposed to reform.

The unworthy propensity to take part with the strong, and desert the falling, had disgraced the people of England to an extent scarcely credible, and it now began to show its effects in Ireland also. Though all the English and Scotch settlers owed their properties to the Monarchs in the late reigns, yet many of them shamefully and suddenly abandoned the royal cause, as soon as they found the current of popular discontent prevail against it. Now that the great ruler Strafford had been destroyed, all the discontented, whom the strong hand of his power had kept down, rose from their succumbency; and though each party hated the other, all seemed unanimous in a desire to take advantage of the King's

distress. And even the Roman Catholics, on whose account he had so often risked his popularity with his English and Scotch subjects, now also basely turned upon their benefactor, and entered into seditious conspiracies, in the selfish hope of compelling him, through his necessities, to take a decided part with them, in giving them a restoration of all their forfeited lands, and establishing the ascendancy of their religion.

The workings of these designs in the adverse parties had produced an injurious change in the general intercourse. The Puritan party, sanctioned by the Lords Justices, were openly violent and virulent against the Catholics, who, no doubt, felt resentment the more dangerous, as they generally suppressed these murmurs from fear or policy. There was therefore a readiness to undertake any plan to remove what they considered the tyranny of their enemies.

Ever Macmahon saw that there was little likelihood of the continuance of peace, and that the power of England was about to pass into the hands of men who would show little regard to the property of Catholics ; and he thought it would be prudent to preserve the head of his house from taking any public part, and in case of the success of the puritanical party, to provide friends in the Spanish court, with which his family had always maintained some connexion ; it being then the policy of that government to show kindness to such of the Irish families of note as had incurred the resentment of their own rulers, so as always to have it in their power to make a party in Ireland by which they might annoy the English.

Ever Macmahon then pressed the necessity of his nephew at once going to Spain, and mentioned that the recommendations he could bring, together with the rank of his mother's friends, there was not the least doubt of his

obtaining a commission in the Spanish army, and rapid promotion if he were not undeserving of it. "And this," said he, "will be far better than indulging a hopeless passion in a country where your birth and property are undervalued on account of your religion, and to which it may give you the power to render great service, if there ever should be a chance through the misfortunes of the King, or the difficulties of the state, to make a stand in favour of our ancient properties and persecuted faith. And if there should be a hope, but that he did not encourage, of succeeding with his scornful mistress, he would have better chance as a Spanish soldier, who perhaps might yet have the power to dictate more favourable terms."

These inducements had all more or less weight—perhaps the last not least—and other accidental circumstances at length turned the scale in determining young Macmahon to go abroad.

The departure of Macmahon from Conagh excited a general grief there, where he was regarded by all his friends and numerous relations with the warmest affection. The servants and followers, who were attached to him from personal liking, as well as fidelity to the children of their Chief, accompanied him a part of the way, and could hardly be prevailed upon to separate, particularly Teady Macrory Macmahon, who loved him as his own son.

Macmahon comforted them by saying he would return when he had seen a little of the world. He spoke something kind to each, and gave Macrory a particular charge to be observant of Miss Willoughby, and to watch for her protection and that of her family, in case the country should be involved by the wars between the King and the Sassenach rebels, or their friends taking part in this country.

CHAPTER XXI.

HERE there is a great chasm in the manuscript, and either materials for continuing the narrative have been lost, or not considered of sufficient importance. It would appear that a considerable interval had intervened, when the following letter was received from young Macmahon, addressed to his uncle, and dated Madrid.

“ You are already informed of my reception here, and the kindness of my mother’s friends, through which I was soon enabled to enter the army in a regiment principally of my own countrymen, and commanded by a brave officer, Colonel O’Neal, who was once so fond of Ellen, and has been a most useful friend. He has already got me a captain’s commission, and he says I shall soon be farther advanced.

"The Colonel is in great favour with the Court, and tells, that though the king of Spain pays us, we shall soon be in Ireland to help our oppressed countrymen to their lands and their religion. I am no small favourite with the clergy : many of them remember you ; and as I am trying to forget some of my Irish friends, I hope to remember others more effectually than if I had remained at Conagh.

"Your dutiful nephew, &c."

The following letter from Montgomery to Major Willoughby had also been received, but had been evidently delayed in its progress :—

"EVER DEAR AND WORTHY FRIENDS,

"You will not be surprised at my taking every opportunity to hold such intercourse as circumstances permit, but it will disappoint you to see that my servant Patrick Macart, old Teady's nephew, is the bearer of my packet ; particularly when you learn that though he

has shown much bravery and attachment, he has been so persecuted as a papist, without any further proof that he is one than his Irish tongue, that his life was made bitter, and every day in danger from the soldiers, who, with few exceptions, are become violent bigots, and refuse to go to battle, or do any duty, whilst such an abomination as a papist is in the camp. It was impossible for him to stand up longer against this shameful combination of my countrymen, who call him the Man of Belial, and Pat of Babylon, which is all Babel to poor Pat. His life, however, was in constant jeopardy, and not without involving that of his master; and these armed enthusiasts have already committed several acts of mutiny, and, particularly since our Scotch enemies have become our friends, in some instances have done personal injury to their officers.

“After this unpleasant account of your tenant’s return to Ireland, you will be prepared

for other intelligence, which I grieve to say is not less disastrous. The cause of the King our master daily loses ground, not only amongst his rebellious subjects the Scotch, who have arrived in great force, and hitherto have borne down all before them without even the show of resistance, but even in his own army, and amongst his own people in England, who seem to have lost all good spirit in the cause, and if not to take part with the Covenanters, at least not to be sorry at their progress, but rather desirous to imitate their abominable canting manners. The King has been so disheartened or badly advised, that even after the brave Strafford had beaten the enemy, in order to raise his royal master's courage, he has continued steadfast to the shameful treaty of Rippon; and the Scotch army, instead of being well beaten, as we expected, are now to march even to London, to be paid and fed by our false Parliament, who refused the smallest supply to their King.

“ But, my dear friends, the loss of a few battles would be trifling in comparison to the alarming change that appears entirely to have altered the English character. Perhaps I was too young to make much observation when I went to Ireland—then I thought, as I wished, that the King’s throne was firmly placed in the hearts of his people ; but now all is diverse from old manners, and not only the King seems to have lost much of the public regard, but the Church and the Bishops come in for a full share of abuse, and are spoken of not only without reverence, but with angry threatenings of reducing their ill-got and worse-used power and dignity. There are still a few who stand up for the good old cause, but the main body is infected with the Scotch itch for rubbing at the Bishops and such of the Clergy as do not preach in favour of the Covenant.

“ Such, then, being a true but imperfect sketch of passing events, you will not be sur-

prised that I feel a melancholy presage that the King's misfortunes are not yet at the worst. Whenever I have opportunity I shall write : in the mean time, I feel shame for my countrymen, and remember, with increased regret, the happy days that made Ireland so dear—the recollection of which is my principal solace, as affording me the certainty that there I have true friends ; and that if all else is lost, their worth will make amends to

“ Your ever devoted and faithful

“ W. WILLOUGHBY.”

After an absence of four years, Macmahon returned to Ireland, where a great change had taken place, after the government had passed into the hands of the Justices, Parsons and Borlase, who were under the influence of the parliamentary persecutors of the King and his friends. The tolerant and indulgent spirit which had been cherished and cultivated with

great apparent success in promoting peace and tranquillity, and which it had been the wish of James and Charles to encourage, had given place, in many instances, to angry religious and political disputations.

The unsettled state in which property had been left, held out such a temptation to the Justices to provide for themselves and their friends by the revival of attainders, that a general overhauling of titles was with great reason dreaded by the old Irish families.

It is very well known that even before this time the Corbe had been in correspondence with Owen O'Neil in Spain, and with many of the disaffected in his own country ; and had entirely poisoned the mind of his nephew Hugh Macmahon, by artful accounts of the misconduct of Protestants, and inflammatory suggestions of the degraded state of his religion in his own country, to which he had attributed the rejection of his suit by the heritor's family ;

and Major Willoughby having found it necessary to renew his application for the money owed to him by his father, who had been in bad health, and his intellect impaired, this was represented as an odious part of the tyranny of those who had deprived him of his paternal property.

He, therefore, though at first a little surprised at his uncle's letters, soon became a voluntary sharer in the hopes and projects that were suggested ; and this disposition was studiously encouraged by his countrymen in Spain, and by persons connected with the Spanish ministry, whose policy it was then, as it had been generally before, to foment a discontented spirit in the Irish gentry.

Macmahon, from his Irish property and Spanish connexion, was considered a fit person for such purposes ; and after a great many conferences with O'Neil, it was recommended that he should return to his own country, to

represent the friendly intentions of the Spanish government. He obtained the rank of Colonel, as it was thought that his rapid advancement in the Spanish army would encourage other young men to adventure in the design that appears to have been then determined to put into execution, when the expected preparation should be made, of which the intention was known to the Corbe, and others who had already made some progress in the plan of an insurrection.

Macmahon, on his arrival in Dublin, met with other dissatisfied Irish gentlemen, with whom he passed some time. Their general conversation was the grievances of their country, and the King's total inability, even if he wished, to protect them from the Puritans, who were every day increasing their power and their wish to exterminate them. Over their cups, in which they indulged freely, their animosity was whetted against those whom they considered bitter enemies.

They furnished Macmahon with favourable accounts of the number and strength of their countrymen, who were anxious to throw off the Puritan tyranny, and were furnished by him, in return, with the flattering accounts which he brought from Spain, and the great succour that was also promised by Cardinal Richelieu to Owen O'Neil, their countryman, who had commanded with such reputation in the Low Countries, and was burning with desire to revenge the wrongs of his native country.

When they separated, though there was no regular plot formed, it was understood that each in his own neighbourhood would exert his influence, and that they would take further measures, when affairs were ripe, for choosing officers to command their forces, upon which they reckoned in such numbers, that it was thought unnecessary to let any part of their intention be known amongst the lower orders, who would be ready to rise on short notice.

It appears that Macmahon had not improved

by his journey to Spain. He had fallen amongst dissipated young men, and had become fond of excess in wine and other indulgences, to which he had consigned himself, perhaps, with less reserve than he would have observed had he retained any hope of Miss Willoughby ; and his disappointment, with an effect not unusual upon minds which have been early indulged, sought for resource in other gratifications, as if he was consulting his resentment, as well as his appetite, in following a course of which he was certain she would not approve.

He returned to Conagh with all his early propensities corrupted by prejudices, and many of them inflamed by intemperance. He was still of youthful and prepossessing appearance ; but an air of dissoluteness and fierceness had greatly changed his manners, and excited a suspicion that he was occasionally heated with wine, or perhaps stronger liquor, even before the festive hour.

When his return was made known in the neighbourhood, Major Willoughby and his son took an early opportunity of calling upon him. They were not aware of any change in his manner or disposition. His uncle's sage instruction had put him on his guard as to the necessity of concealing his real sentiments; and as he seemed to avoid making inquiries as to the Major's family, they attributed it to a laudable struggle to get the better of his early attachment.

When they expressed a hope that he was come to remain at Conagh, particularly as his father's health had undergone an unfavourable change in his absence, he replied, in a careless tone, that a soldier was not his own master; and that as his sword was the *only mistress* he could depend upon, he should not run any risk of *that* attachment.

He said, however, that having got leave of absence, he should probably use it to the ex-

tent ; particularly as he had learned, since his arrival, that his King had met with base desertion from his English and Scotch subjects, who had sold and bought their Sovereign—the one to make money of him, and the other to deprive him of his power.

CHAPTER XXII.

AGITATION.

It was about noon of a fine day in the end of September, 1641, that after passing one of the woody hills by what might be truly called the highway leading from Monaghan to Cavan, a traveller having made his way as far as the bottom of the steep, appeared to be in some doubt as to the passage over the flat ground, by crossing which he must reach the adjoining hill, where the road again became visible. His horse had not found firm footing, and fearing he had missed the right track, he called aloud to a man whom he perceived on the hill which he wished to approach, and requested him to show him the way.

“And who are you avurnagh? and where do you come from—and where are you going?”

said the countryman, partly in his best English, but principally in the vernacular: he evidently used the English to accommodate the traveller, who, from the gentility of his appearance, as he supposed, was better accustomed to that language. But being agreeably surprised at hearing all his interrogatories responded to in the sweet tones of the Gaelic, he instantly quickened his pace, and shouted to him to stop, and that if he was in a hurry, he had better wait, for that was a place where the greater the haste the worse the speed.

He then approached the stranger, who in pursuance of his directions had stopped his steed, and he took him by the bridle and led him with a skill that showed the traveller he had been in no bad luck in happening upon a guide so competent, and at the same time so ready, to direct him.

"My countrymen have kind hearts," said the stranger, "and harsh must be the usage

wherever they prove otherwise. I thank you with all the veins of my heart, old man, and I pray you to take this small token to encourage you to help the next stranger whom you can prevent from going out of his depth."

"O, then, may be I have not enough in that way to do to friends as well as strangers," said the old man: "ay, and in good luck too, if they can be pulled out when they have sunk a little deeper than they ought."

This he said in a half whisper, as if intended for soliloquy, though, perhaps, he did not altogether resist the occasion of showing his wit by assimilating the two modes of sinking.

"But my young master," continued he in the same tone, "if he is wise, (but there's the plunge!) if he is wise, he may soon get on firm ground, and if he keeps the Major his friend, and does not fall out, he can give him a better lift than I did to the gentleman's horse; and a gentleman he is, and a raal one, I warrant,

though I'll not take his money for all that. He looks like the son of an Irish king any way, and he's too great to be proud, from the way he speaks to myself. I wish my young master knew him, and may be he does."

"Well, kind friend," said the stranger, "you must do me another good turn. You must tell me who they are that live in this wild country of hill and dale—and how near we are to Clunys—and perhaps show me the way to the abbey, and where my friend the Corbe Macmahon keeps his hospitable board?"

"O, to be sure I can, better than I could show you the pass. Have not I been in that ould family since before I was born? Something told me you were the right sort. Ay, and I could show you the Corbe himself, too, in less than no time at all, for he is to be here this very day at my ould master's. Poor man! the ould master's greatly failed; but his son, the Curnel, and the ould lady, keep up the

ould times, and Teady still caters and helps to attend them ; and there is to be a feasting to-day as long as the day and the morrow, for some of the young master's friends who are coming to see him after his coming home from Spain. May be you are one of them ? You are none of the Eeleys of Cavan, for they come the other road, and you are not like any of them ever I saw.

“ Nor you are not Sir Phelim O'Neil, for they say he is an outrageous great man : nor you are not Lord Maguire, for you have more sense in one word, than he has in a whole day's palaver. Arrah, then, who can you be ? But whoever you are, as sure as my name is Teady Macrory Macmahon, you will be made welcome.”

“ Then, Teady, my honest representative of a kind family, I knew your old master, and I am so far on my way to see his son. But I am no lord nor knight, but only a plain Irish gen-

tleman, whose name, perhaps, you never heard ; but I am not ashamed of it though it is not Sassinach. My name is Roger Moore, or O'More, if you like it better."

" Heavenly powers !" said the old man, giving a jump towards the sky ; " Roger Moore * ! O, by the powers, Teady, you are no fool ! I knew you were past the common. Did not my ould heart warm to the sound of your voice ? O, and well it told me you were neither a Spalpeen nor a Sassinach. But you are far better than anything that came into my-ould skull. Arn't you the pride of the land—and your poor country's friend ? The man that can speak for her, and knows what she ought to be ? But I am lucky to be the first to set eyes on

* "There was a gentleman called Roger Moore, who, though of a narrow fortune, was descended from an ancient Irish family, and was much celebrated for valour and capacity. This man first formed the project of expelling the English, and asserting the independence of his native country."—*Hume's History of England*.

you, and well may you think we love you. Don't we say, young and ould, when we are in the pinch, by the help of our Lady and Roger Moore? Little I thought to see the man; and who knows but I may see both in a better place, all in good time?"

"My countrymen rate my services too highly," said the stranger, "but it grieves me to see them oppressed. If they felt for their own wrongs, they might yet be relieved. They have behaved better to your master's family than they have to mine. They have left to them some part of their own, but mine they have entirely swept away."

"More is the pity," said Teady, with his whole heart.

"Are the Irish families hereabouts contented?" said the stranger.

"Why, not just content," said Teady. "I never saw English nor Irish content. They did not like the new laws at first, and thought it

very hard that a man should be hanged for a cow or a horse, and bound to keep the peace beside, if he had a bit of a quarrel ; because your honour knows they used to do what they liked ; and if Macmahon—when he *was* the Macmahon—took their part, there was an end ; but they are peaceable, and the poor people better off than when they paid *cuts* and *cosherings* to their Lord, for then they were never sure of a meal's meat. I think, sir, if they would let our religion alone, they would be better content. They don't like to hear their priests abused, and their religion made little of, though, God knows ! they know little about the matter more than the heretics themselves, who say all is determined beforehand."

"Your master had a fine territory here?" said the stranger.

"Ay, and would have enough still, if the Curnel had thrift the time it is," said Teady.

"He would soon pay Major Willoughby his

money ; for though he is asking for it, he has a great regard for the family, and will never distress them at law."

" Did not he get his property from the Macmahons ?" said Moore.

" Sure enough he did," said Teady, " but that is long ago ; and if he had not got it, a worse one might."

In this conversation the time passed till they had reached the turn of the road that led to Conagh.

" Now," said Teady, " but my young master will be glad ; and surely he does not expect you, or he would have told me."

" And you need not say who I am," said the stranger.

" They will soon find it out," said Teady, " but as your honour pleases for that."

" Are we near the castle ?" said Moore, after descending a hill, and arriving at the causeway of large stones that served as a bridge to pass

the swamp which nearly surrounded the cluster of wattle-built cabins, in which the Lords of the Dartrey had exercised sovereign sway for time immemorial.

“Here is our castle,” said Teady, “and it was never stormed, though many a storm it has stood, for it is no sooner down than we can put it up again; not like your great clumsy stone buildings, that if they once fall about your ears it would take a whole estate to build them again. Our walls are the right sort, for the old Brehon laws, any how, which made the chief moveable as well as the walls. But we had our health in them, and many a good feast in them for poor and rich, before we gave in to King James, and a good ould soul he was—not like that she devil, his cousin, who gave Macmahon’s lands away.”

Teady here requested the stranger to stop, till he had told his young master to come out and see his guest.

"Curnel," said he, "here is a gentleman, a stranger, who does not well know his way; and as he is an undoubted gentleman, I knew you would invite him."

"You old blundering fool," said the Colonel, "were not you told that Lord Maguire, and Sir Phelim O'Neil, and many others were to be here, and that we want no intruders? Excuse me to the stranger, and say Colonel Macmahon is engaged."

"O, no; you may say that yourself, master Hugh, for I can't find in my heart to shut out the stranger, for here he is."

Macmahon had determined to suppress the hospitable feeling, but Moore soon put an end to the embarrassment. His handsome and manly appearance was such as to command respect. In a very dignified manner he said, "My business with you, Colonel Macmahon, will save me from being considered an intruder, after I have seen my friend Sir Phelim O'Neil,

by whose appointment I come to try the hospitality of one Irish chief to another."

"Sir," said Macmahon, "I shall be proud to receive you under a title that you seem to wear so well: as to my own claim to be so addressed, it is not so good as it was; but if it were still worse, we will gladly help it out with a caed mille faltagh."

The expected guest arrived almost as soon as his name was mentioned. Sir Phelim was rejoiced to find that Moore had kept his appointment, and received him with great respect, introducing him to Colonel Macmahon as *his* friend, and the best friend to Ireland, whose acquaintance he would consider a great honour and advantage when he should be permitted to mention his name.

"But you know," said he, "all our friends have been noticed to meet us here in a private way, since I heard that our watchful enemy, Sir William Cole, suspected our intentions, and

had written to the Justices that we are preparing to disturb their government. Even Lord Maguire is to come without his senachy, and the Corbe without his herinachs : not that we have much to fear from the stupid puritanical rogues who have now got the castle, but don't know how to guard it. We have a better chance to show them how, than if friend Strafford kept watch and ward.

“ When we quaff your good cheer, Colonel, we will drink to his memory, whether he is damned or not ; for you know these heretics, if they keep us down here, will pay the roast hereafter, when the Church hands them over to their sure friend the devil, in his own country. But your uncle, the Corbe, can tell us all about that matter, and anim a diouil ! Here he comes just when he is talked of, like his warm friend before mentioned.”

Much friendly greeting passed in the same truculent, jocosè manner, in the recognition of

the Corbe, and the other friends of Sir Phelim, amongst whom were Lord Maguire, Sir Edward O'Reley, Colonel Ast, Sannagh Macmahon, and others, who now made their appearance from an inner apartment.

To all of these the stranger was introduced, and by his courteous and prepossessing manner excited no small curiosity; which Teady, as he passed and repassed in his capacity of *major domo*, greatly enjoyed and increased by knowing winks to his master and his fellow-servants; looking at the stranger, at times, with the greatest admiration, as if he knew the whole secret of this important personage.

It was not till after the dinner had ended, and the wine and brandy had circulated, that Sir Phelim, looking round with the appearance of most sagacious circumspection, said, "Now, Colonel, I promised to pledge you to the death of our enemies, and the health of our best

friend living—I drink deep to the health of Roger Moore !”

This was followed by a loud cheer, or rather by shouts of acknowledgment that the title was well deserved by that eloquent, valiant, and unwearied champion of his country.

“ Sir Phelim,” said the Corbe, “ we prove our high respect for your toast by drinking it before one which was always the first at Conagh :—health and welcome to the greatest stranger under the roof !”

“ By the blood of the O’Neils,” said Sir Phelim, “ be he who he may, he is not an honester gentleman than Roger Moore !”

Here the Corbe and Colonel Macmahon looked toward the stranger, as if to bespeak his indulgence for Sir Phelim’s rough manner ; when Teady Macrory, who was handing the wine, could no longer refrain, but laughed *outright*.

"Slave!" said Sir Phelim, "begone, since you can't keep a secret. Now, my Lord, and worthy companions, I crave your indulgence, and this insulted gentleman's forgiveness. This stranger, whom I have affronted, will pardon me, and so will you all, when I tell you who he is—for this, my friends, is Roger Moore * himself."

* "Roger Moore was the head of a once powerful Irish family in Leinster. His ancestors had been expelled from their princely possessions by violence and fraud, and their sept harassed and almost extirpated by military execution. Irritated as he was by the sufferings of his ancestors, his own indigence and depression, his resentment was determined. But his conduct was cautious and deliberate; for he had judgment, penetration, and a refinement of manners unknown to his predecessors. He contrived, by every possible means, to conciliate the esteem and affection of the native Irish.

"He had the qualities most effectual for this purpose:—a person remarkably graceful, an aspect of dignity, a courteous and insinuating address, &c.

"The old Irish beheld the gallant representative of one of their distinguished families with an extravagance of rapture and affection. They regarded him as their glory and their affection; they celebrated him in their songs; and it became a proverbial expression that their dependence was on God, our Lady, and Roger Moore."—*Leland's History*, p. 94.

This discovery was made with indescribable effect, and the illustrious guest welcomed almost to the number of the caed mille. Moore thanked them, and in a manner that soon confirmed the favourable opinion of his talents and his patriotism—for why not use *that* word on this occasion?—*that* word which never grows obsolete, and which all apply to describe what each considers as promotive of the views by which he can serve his country, or his country can serve him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNITED IRISHMEN.

MOORE's powers of persuasion would have succeeded with the party now assembled at Conagh, even though they had not been of so high an order.

The soil was well suited to the noxious seeds which he was prepared to sow, and which soon matured into the deadly fruits of insurrection.

The party were all of the old native Irish blood, unmixed in any connexion that could impart a kindly feeling for the English intruders in or out of the Pale. They were all persons who had incurred heavy debts to those whom they considered as despoilers. They had many other causes of private grievance, and they all professed a religion to which they were devoted, and which they saw every day subject to

increasing indignity ; and it was vilified, as they were taught to believe, by a sect of contemptible and upstart heretics, whom they regarded as the persons who had destroyed their consequence, seized upon their properties, supplanted them with the government, and insulted them in their faith and worship. All these sores were now probed by Moore with a master's hand, that skilfully penetrated the callous through the fresher wounds of late or present injuries ; and the means and opportunity of cure were temptingly offered after the sensation of pain had been excited to the quick. He said :—The Parliament and the Puritans had not as yet gained much power in Ireland. The King could no longer do them good or ill, and if his authority were even to be revived, they could hope for no good so long as the influence of the Parliament continued ; but, at all events, there was no chance for their lands, or to improve their embarrassed circumstances,

the whole blame of which they ascribed to those whose property they looked to obtain. Moore did not fail to inform them of his success in other parts, and that all were weary of the Parliament, and the English power, as abused by those fanatics. He mentioned the names of those who had undertaken the glorious cause of restoring their religion and recovering their lands.

Macmahon then assured them of a great power to aid them from Spain and France, and Sir Phelim said that he would be answerable for all the northern parts, and that the O'Hanlans and Magennisses were ready, and that all from the Newry to the Tyrconnel country could be in their hands in a night's time, when the winter set in; for he advised this season, as the long nights would help them to confound their enemies, and the weather would be unfavourable for the English to send out their ships, though he hoped they would have enough on their hands to keep them at home.

No obstacle being raised by any, the different portions of the work were set apart. Sir Phelim was to give the *word* to all from Canard to the north ; Lord Maguire undertook for Fermanagh and the Tyrconnel country, though he expressed fears of not being able to surprise Sir William Cole, who had built a castle at Enniskillen. The Macmahons undertook for all in their own baronies, and into the Pale in Louth ; Mackenna for the Treugh to Sir Phelim's country ; and O'Reley for Cavan, and into the Pale in Meath.

Sir Phelim was to have the chief command, as being descended from the great O'Neil ; Moore was to communicate with the different leaders, and to help by his counsel. It is but justice to say that he insisted on their avoiding all unnecessary cruelty, urging that it would hurt their cause.

All appeared to give consent to this mode of conducting the rising, and Macmahon required

that his neighbours, the Willoughbys, should be left to his management, saying that he could not find in his heart to *destroy* Miss Willoughby.

“Nor to *enjoy*,” said Sir Phelim, with a loud laugh, “or she might have been yours long ago. However, we all undertake to do our best, and to be very civil, and give as little pain as possible to our dear masters and mistresses. Ma douil, and well they deserve it! I will take care of the girl, any way, for you, Colonel, if you go to Dublin; and when you take the castle you may provide good quarters, where Montgomery won’t take her from you.”

It was arranged that on a particular day, to be afterwards named, the castle of Dublin was to be seized upon by Moore, Talbot, Plunket, Lord Maguire, and Macmahon, each bringing a certain number of followers; and the night of the day to be named for that enterprise, was also that on which all the other parts of the plan were to be executed; no doubt being entertained of

the success, from the small force employed in the castle, and the unsuspecting security in which the Justices reposed.

“They say they are foud of their prayers,” said Sir Phelim, “and by my soul they shall be indulged if we can do them good in their own way, and I warrant they will be more sincere than usual.”

Much was discussed whilst sober senses remained, and many a shout of exultation was raised as each boasted of what he would do ; their valour still increasing till they could no longer remember what they had undertaken, with the exception of the Corbe, who had a strong head, and Moore, who had kept determinedly sober ; but who, though shocked at the savage boastings of their intended revenge, was too far engaged to rescue himself from the association of those whose manners disgusted, and whose ferocity threatened to set all humane regards at defiance.

The die was cast ; and this man of superior mind and acquirements, for the gratification of one favoured object, became the chief impeller of the great but unwieldy machine of an infuriated and ignorant multitude, which, after it had been set in motion, he neither could guide nor restrain.

On the following day the plan was revised, and the party separated to their respective homes, after taking an *oath of secrecy*, which Moore thought it necessary to enjoin.

FIDELITY.

The deliberations at Conagh were such as in prudence should have passed out of the reach of all observation ; and it was so arranged that, with the exception of Teady, none of the attendants approached within hearing. They might, indeed, safely confide to him any matter

that affected the interests of the Conagh family, to which he was allied, though not by legitimate kindred ; nor was he the least worthy amongst the many who were bound by that tie. He had not deteriorated in his morals as he advanced in life. He had entirely left off theft, or *driving* as it was called, though his early training in the accomplishments of a cater was not very favourable to strict honesty.

He was distinguished by a kind and grateful heart, and never forgot the well-timed interference by which Major Willoughby had saved his life in early youth.

He had heard enough of the conversation to know that a dangerous enterprise was in contemplation, and his fears for his master and the Willoughbys made him melancholy.

He now regarded Moore with a feeling very different from that with which he had been impressed on the first view, at which time he considered him as a being of a superior order.

But he had witnessed his participation, or rather guidance, of what now appeared a desperate, if not wicked, but certainly dangerous conspiracy; and such, happily, is the depreciating effect of crime, that even in this poor man's estimation Moore suddenly sunk below the common standard of mankind. Notwithstanding all the prepossessing advantages of a most engaging figure and manner, he no longer looked upon him as an angel of light, but as a very unfit companion for his young master, who might bring him and his family to destruction.

Soon after the departure of the guests, with the freedom of a faithful adherent who was conscious of his regard, he opened his mind to Colonel Macmahon, who had scarcely recovered from the effects of the debauch. "Well, I little thought," said he, "what made Roger Moore the great brag of the whole kingdom; and after all, it is for the very same work that

has always had such bad luck, and kept down the old families. But, dear master, why would you go into this troubled water, out of your own green lands which you have sure under the King now, and no questions asked?"

"Teady, you are an old fool," said Macmahon; "it was not to talk that you were allowed to listen. But there is great alteration now, that you know nothing about; for we may say there is no King, and the Parliament will neither leave land nor Church with the Papists, as they call us. All the King's friendship could hardly keep the Puritan rogues from trampling us in the dirt; even the best of the Protestants look down upon us, as you know well enough; and shall we submit when we are not sure that our new masters would leave us anything? No; they will take better care of us when we take care of ourselves."

"But, dear master, many a life must go, and

many a murder and robbery happen, before you make sure of being as well off as you are now ; and if you fail, they will hang you up like dogs. And God help them, any way, that fall into the hands of Ast, Sannagh and Patrick Dugh, now that our own Curnel has left the country, and gone back to Prushia : he would have kept them from doing harm if he was here. I saw them whet their skeyns when Dunk let out the truth. And what did Sir Phelim say, when smooth O'Moore parleyed for sparing the poor Sassenachs ? What did he say about your own sweet heart ? Oh ! the mercy of the wolf to the lamb, if he was hungry, would be as tender. And Sir Phelim is a hungry wolf at present ; for he has spent all, and is licking his lips for the Sassenach plunder. Oh ! that will be God's angry day of payment when Sir Phelim is the receiver.

“ But, dear master, quit them in time : go back to Spain, and let these people do their

own work. You are now well esteemed ; and the Major will stand by you, as he did by your father when the Lord Deputy settled the country. And what will my old Lady do?—and what will poor Teady do ? Only we will be both dead, and so much the better ; I heard the death-rattle all the night over.

“ And think of the Major that you used to love, and young Charley that you used to hunt with ; and though last, not least, the sweet Miss Elizabeth, the pearl of the country, though she was engaged before you asked her. O, Colonel dear ! sure you would not give her Art Roe, or Pat Sannagh, for a guardian ? ”

When Teady at length became very importunate, Macmahon told him that he would write to O'Connolly, his early friend, to desire him to come to Conagh with all speed.

“ You know,” said he, “ Connolly is the only one of my friends that has any regard for the Willoughbys, and can be trusted with their

protection. If you find him, all will be well." The purport of this letter to O'Connolly was to hurry him to Conagh on a most urgent business, and requiring him by their former friendship to set out as soon as he received it.

Owen O'Connolly, before this time, had privately conformed to the Protestant faith. He had become acquainted with the good Bishop Bedel, who had circulated the Scriptures and the Liturgy in the Irish tongue; and he had recommended him to Sir John Clotworthy, a zealous Protestant, through whose influence he had changed his religious principles.

O'Connolly came to Conagh in obedience to the letter, but too late to see his friend; and he then followed him to Dublin, not in time, however, to render the service that Teady Macrory had endeavoured to stipulate for with his master, for his former friends.

It was on the evening of the day before the last that ever dawned upon thousands of vic-

times in this unhappy kingdom, whom God, in his omniscient mercy, was about to permit to be sent into his immediate presence, without the preparation of previous consciousness, that O'Connolly, after diligent inquiry, had at length discovered his friend Colonel Macmahon, who had dined with Lord Maguire, Colonel Plunket, Roger Moore, and several others, at their lodging in Essex-street.

At the time of O'Connolly's arrival, they were engaged in carousal, and he was at first denied admittance ; but upon sending up his name, his friend Macmahon came eagerly to meet him, and received him with a warm and affectionate greeting.

Macmahon was evidently under the influence of drink, and at once divulged to him the glorious plan, now almost at maturity, and to be put into execution on the following day. Having no doubt of his concurrence, he mentioned his great wish to give him the oppor-

tunity of joining the friends, who were to recover Ireland from the tyranny that so long had oppressed his dear native land.

He mentioned that some of her true sons, who were to commence the work, were then in the house, and that he must come and join them ; that in the morning the castle, and the cannon, and all the arms, would be in their possession ; that the reason he had written to him to go to Conagh was, that he might do a kindness to his friends the Willoughbys, who otherwise might suffer ; but that they must now, however, take chance for a day or two, by which time he might himself arrive at Conagh and protect them, though they did not deserve it at his hands.

O'Connolly expressed the greatest surprise, and said he hoped it was wine that had caused these visions to rise in his mind ; and if he were again duly sober, he would abhor the cruelties that must follow the attempt, whether they succeeded or not.

He then reminded him of his former declaration, that he loved Elizabeth Willoughby better than the whole world; and that now he had left her to the chance of the worst calamities.

“The Corbe will take care of her,” said Macmahon; “but you must come and be *one* in the glorious cause that will remedy all evils.”

O’Connolly was at length forced to join the party, to whom he was introduced by his friend as a true son of Erin, who might be safely intrusted and employed.

The result of his timely initiation is a matter of history so well known, that we shall at this time notice it no farther than to regret that he had not been made acquainted sooner with the dreadful secret, an earlier discovery of which might have saved the miseries of a massacre, and prevented one of the most horrible catastrophes that stain the records of crime.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON the morning of the 23rd of October, 1641, a message* was delivered to Major Willoughby at Carrow Park, that the Corbe of Clunys intended himself the pleasure to pass the evening at his house. Such friendly intimations, arising out of a hospitable state of intercourse, were then not uncommon ; and they were generally well received, particularly by the English settlers, who were desirous to encourage an amicable interchange of civilities with such of the Irish gentry and clergy as seemed disposed to live on a friendly footing.

Major Willoughby had observed that for a

* A similar invitation was sent by Sir Phelim O'Neil to Lord Caulfield. Sir Phelim went to sup with him, and seized upon him and his family, and the stores of arms, &c. at Charlemont. Lord Caulfield, an old, brave, but unsuspecting officer, was afterwards put to death in cold blood.

long time before there had been a falling off on the part of the Macmahons in the disposition for friendly intercourse, which he had attributed to the refusal of his daughter, and he was well pleased at any appearance of its revival.

He returned for answer that he would expect and be glad of the intended visit, and he went to apprise his daughter, upon whom the care of his family had devolved since the death of her beloved mother, which had taken place soon after Montgomery's departure.

He was not sorry for any society in addition to their own small family, as Elizabeth's spirits were rather depressed, and had never entirely recovered the shock of the event before mentioned ; and the long interval that had passed without bringing any account from Montgomery, had caused a melancholy chasm which her fears had filled up with various apprehensions.

"The Corbe will bring us some news," said the Major ; "and we shall have a laugh either

with him or at him, if he has not been spoiled by being made a bishop, which they say he now is. But here comes our old friend Teady Macrory from Conagh; what can bring him this way—perhaps we are to have more of the family?”

Teady sent to request to see the Major, and told him he was going on urgent business with a message from his young master (who was in Dublin) to his uncle, the Corbe, and as he expected to be sent back by him to the Major, he requested he would not be from home.

“The Corbe himself is to be here this night,” said the Major.

“It may be,” said Teady, “but I rather think not, for he will have company.”

As Teady left the door, he said,—“Be sure, dear Major, to be at home before night; I will tell you more when I come from the Corbe.”

These last words seemed to have more meaning than they expressed, and it immediately

occurred that they might be connected with inquiries which had been made by letter a short time before by Sir William Cole, who had written to the Major to be on his watch, as he had received intelligence that the Corbe and his nephew had been much with Lord Maguire and Sir Phelim O'Neil, and other discontented Irish, and it was feared that some mischief was intended.

"Sir William (said the Major to his son) is vigilant, and would not spread a false alarm. He has some good reason for putting us on our guard."

"But you know I have made inquiry, and we could hear nothing, except that a stranger came to see Colonel Macmahon soon after he came home from Spain, and remained at Conagh for a night or two. But there is no appearance of anything amiss; and as to Maguire and Reley, they have been often at Conagh before, and I suppose they also came to see young Mac-

mahon. Let us, however, ride out and call on some of the freeholders near us; they may probably know better if there be anything to dread from their Irish neighbours."

After a circuitous ride of several miles, in which they had called at the houses of a few settlers, who had built comfortable habitations, and were the descendants of soldiers who had obtained lands after Sir Henry Bagnal's wars, they could learn no intelligence to confirm Sir William's apprehensions: all was quiet, and the settlers seemed to have no fears.

As they returned homewards they overtook 'Teady Macrory, who told them he had seen the Corbe, who desired him to acquaint the Major that he could not be at the Park as he had intended, some of his clergy and friends having arrived unexpectedly at the abbey.

"Give your horse a drink here at the ford, and let Master Charles go on before," said

Teady. "Listen, Sir; can you be secret for a very short time? This is a bad world!"

"That's no secret," said the Major.

"But you saved my life," said Teady; "and gave me time to repent."

"There's nothing bad in that, friend Teady."

"No, no, your honour! but Christ save us, or all will be lost this very night," said Teady.

"What does the old man mean?" said the Major, with an increased anxiety.

"Every thing that is bad—robbery, murder, all the curses of hell are prepared, and will be let loose this night, when people are asleep and never dreaming of what will happen."

"Merciful Heaven! How do you know this? Are you mad, old man?"

"I know it too well: I have long suspected mischief: I find it is but too true."

"Impossible," said the Major; "but true or false, you must be taken into custody, and, old as you are, be made to answer. In the name

of the King you're a prisoner, and I shall send you this night to Monaghan fort."

"You may do as you will; but if a minute is lost in taking my advice, your life, and the life of your son and daughter, may not be worth a pin; and even the Corbe could not save you."

"Would he save me if he could?"

"It is my only hope. He says he can; and what is more, Corbe or Bishop as he is, I made him swear it upon the cross. He sent me to say he will come to your house this night: put your trust in him, it is your only safety; you will hear from me again."

The Major stopped for a moment in suspense, not knowing what to determine. He could not altogether refuse credence to the unwelcome intelligence of this poor and grateful creature, who could have no interest in deceiving him, though he hoped his fears had magnified the danger, whatever it might be.

In the mean time he resolved first to send

off a trusty messenger to the fort of Monaghan to give intelligence, and request succour; and next, to fortify his house, and warn all such of his neighbours as were nearest, and could be most confided in.

His son was immediately apprized of the horrible news, and he undertook to collect those nearest to the Park; and the Major immediately went there to inform his daughter and prepare for the worst.

We shall not attempt to describe the consternation of this family, and of those to whom the intelligence was now communicated. Notwithstanding Sir William Cole's letter, they had been living with their neighbours in unsuspecting confidence; at least, they did not know what to suspect.

The Major's house had been built with a view to protection from attack; but they had neglected the precautions by which they might have availed themselves of the capabilities it

afforded. They had neither ammunition, nor provisions in any considerable quantity; yet did this small but high-minded family immediately address themselves to make the utmost of their means of defence. They embraced each other; they solemnly commended their souls to God; they implored the Divine aid, and determined never to yield to entreaty or force.

Elizabeth Willoughby, whose spirits had been gradually sinking before her father had made known Tedy's dire intelligence, appeared to be roused rather than depressed by the information. She assured her father she would rather suffer a thousand deaths than that they should yield to the assailants who were expected. She said she entirely trusted in the Lord, who could save by many or by few; that he, in his infinite wisdom, knew the fittest time and manner to call upon his servants; and that although all had been secret to them, yet to his

all-seeing eye nothing had been hid, and as he could, so she trusted he would, deliver them. But if not, that it was because he saw it was the most merciful time to call them to their last account.

She spoke with the fervour and courage of an unfeigned reliance upon God; and her manner, which became devoted and solemn, had the effect of increasing the determination of the gallant band that had now assembled, to the number of fourteen persons, with the wives and children of such of their neighbours as had come in consequence of the warning given by Charles Willoughby. His account was, that all as yet was quiet, and that there was no apparent movement, as he took the rounds and gave notice.

The night now set in: two of the number were appointed to keep watch in front of the Major's house, and such other hasty arrangements were made as the time admitted. Still

there was no appearance of stir or movement within view or hearing of the house, which commanded a considerable prospect ; and hopes were at length entertained that Teady's information was at least premature.

Suddenly, however, an irresistible horror seized upon the wakeful party, on perceiving a blaze of fire burst from the top of an adjoining hill, which was followed by the shouts and yells of an immense multitude till then unseen.

In a moment the whole range of hills was in a flame, and the shouting increased so as to leave no doubt that countless numbers had assembled. Voices at length were heard, as if giving orders in the Irish tongue ; and different names were mentioned, in which they thought they heard that of Willoughby and others of their neighbours.

Their fearful anticipations were soon confirmed : a crowd rushed forward, eager to reach the house, as if they expected to find it open ;

or at least, that its doors would soon yield to their force.

The sentinels were instantly ordered in, as it would only have been a certain sacrifice of life for them to remain. The doors were then made as secure as possible. The gates of the yard had been previously barricaded; and the front and rear of the house had small apertures or loop-holes, through which the matchlocks were pointed so as to defend the doors and windows.

When the crowd had rushed forward, Elizabeth had instinctively fallen upon her knees and audibly prayed to the Lord of Hosts for his protection; and the Major was deliberating as to the proper time to order his men to fire with the most effect, when a person advanced before the rest, and waved his hand to keep them back. He then approached the door of the porch, and in a loud voice said,—
“Major Willoughby, no harm is intended you ;

no injury shall befall you. This people respect *you*, and will obey *me*. But you must engage, on parole of honour, not to leave your dwelling, and that none of your followers shall leave it till to-morrow."

"Whoever you may be," replied the Major, "I shall not at this time question your right to restrain my actions; but to spare bloodshed, and to afford time to unveil this mystery, I agree to your proposal, and shall expect to have a conference with you to-morrow before noon; and in the mean time, that my premises shall be kept free from intruders, and from plunder of every kind."

"Your terms are granted," said the person in authority. "Sleep in peace; I will come unattended to-morrow." Then addressing the multitude in Irish, he beckoned them away, and they followed him.

It need hardly be told, that sleep did not visit the inmates of the mansion at the bidding

of this person, though he seemed to have power over their destiny. They were thankful, however, for the appearance of even a short respite. They were awed, as if God had interposed to turn the hearts of the wicked from their deadly purpose ; which, however, they still continued to regard as if only deferred till a more convenient season.

The night passed without any further attempt to disturb them, though frequently shouts were heard, as of violence ; and screams of distress and outcry were wafted upon the gale, mingled with the sounds as of the strokes of some heavy instruments, which, as they supposed, proceeded from the attacks upon the houses of those who made resistance.

It was a fearful conjecture as to what was passing around them, and what the discovery of the next morning might produce. They dreaded to learn the fate of their unhappy neighbours ; and they expected that their own

turn would soon come, though their resolution seemed to increase with despair of holding out for any considerable time against a multitude that appeared sufficiently numerous to surround the house, and pull it down stone by stone.

In the mean time nothing was omitted that could be effected in such an emergency. The weak parts of the inclosures were strengthened, their matchlocks put into better order, and their ammunition in slugs and balls increased, by melting down all the lead and pewter.

The Major also thought it prudent to fix upon a place of concealment, in which to deposit his plate and the greater part of his money, which he did in the presence of his son and daughter, in the forlorn hope that some one might be spared. He then called all around him, and comforted them in every way by which a religious man who sees that his term of life is nearly run would seek to re-

ceive, and give the consolations that his holy faith supplies in the hour of adversity. He addressed God in fervent prayer for them all, and with the hope of soon achieving the conquest over death by dying in the Lord. He besought him not to visit them for their past sins, and to forgive and prepare them for heaven; and that if they did in their natural defence deprive others of life, to judge them not as guilty of any wanton shedding of blood, but as obeying that instinct which he had planted in them for self-defence and preservation. He then reminded them of the various deliverances which God had wrought for his people in all ages; and they found their courage much strengthened by placing their hopes principally on what God has promised to give to them that love him, in a better life. They almost with tranquillity awaited the conflict in which their warfare was to be ended.

Elizabeth appeared to be lifted above the

timidity of her sex in the hour of appalling danger, by the devout consecration with which her father had consigned her to the care of God, and by the humble consciousness that she had endeavoured to discharge with fidelity the duties of her limited sphere; and when her thoughts turned upon Montgomery, her first and only love, she felt a desire to act worthy of that kindred soul which she had looked to as the associate of longer days upon earth, and firmly hoped to be united with in heaven.

CHAPTER XXV.

"The stately buildings and commodious habitations of the planters were consumed with fire, or laid level with the ground."—*Hume's England*, chap. V.

WITH the first appearance of the dawn all went with eager curiosity to the windows to look upon the scene of desolation that was expected, with too much probability, to have followed from the occurrences of the fearful night which they had passed.

By a spontaneous act of thanksgiving they fell upon their knees to make their acknowledgments to their heavenly Preserver, and to bless him for the time he had granted them to prepare for death. They implored a continuation of his favour, and earnestly prayed for resignation and fortitude under whatever they might be called upon to suffer. They saw

nothing before or around them to give them hopes of ultimate safety. As far as the eye could reach, they beheld smoking ruins. The ground was strewed with different articles of apparel and furniture, and the bodies of men, women, and children, who seemed to have fallen in the slaughter of plunder.

The hearts of the mournful spectators died within them on witnessing what they expected would soon be their own fate.

Their attention was suddenly arrested by the piteous shriek of a female voice near at hand. Their eyes were directed to the spot, where some bushes seemed to have afforded a place of concealment during the night to a female with two children, whom the light now discovered. Four or five persons instantly rushed towards their victims, and had nearly seized upon them, when a man suddenly started up from amongst the bushes, and fired a musket with such good aim, that two men fell, and others staggered as

if they had received a shot. He then rushed upon them, and turned them for a moment to flight.

"Run," said he to the woman, "to the Major's door; you'll reach it, and I'll follow if I can. Bloodhounds, here's at you," he rejoined, and with a cutlass which had been at his side, struck at the returning group with increased fury.

It was impossible for those within any longer to resist the impulse of assisting the brave defender of the woman and children. They pointed their matchlocks and fired at the assailants, who had nearly closed in upon the man. Some of them fell, and the remainder stopped in astonishment and terror, not knowing from whence the shots were fired.

The women and the children by this time had reached the door of the porch. It was opened to them and their gallant defender, who took advantage of the panic to retreat with his

utmost speed, and was also fortunate enough to arrive in time to be admitted, and to have the door closed, before any of the assailants could see with certainty in what direction their victims had made their escape. The woman proved to be the wife of John Warrington, whose house had been attacked, and whose family had fought bravely till their house was set on fire. His wife and children had hid themselves in a cave, but in their terror did not wait to know the final result, and had wandered on as well as they could towards the Major's house.

She did not know the brave protector whom God had sent, as she said—and who had unexpectedly started up for her defence when she had given up all for lost.

Overcome with joy and terror she fainted away after she had given this hurried account of his appearance, and attention was for a moment turned from the stranger, who, how-

ever, appeared to require, as well as to deserve, immediate help, as he bled profusely, and was growing weak in consequence. They brought some refreshment, and applied a bandage to the wound, which was on the breast, but which he assured them was, as he believed, slight, being only the cut of a pike or spear which had missed his arm fortunately, and the point of which he had thrown up with his sword, so as to make a long, but not a deep wound.

This had all passed in the twilight of a gloomy morning, before the light was clear enough to enable the inmates of the Major's house to discern who had been their brave ally. They were surrounding him in order to satisfy their curiosity, but he requested them to retire for a few minutes—all but the Major and his son, to whom, as he said, he had something important to disclose.

“And is it possible, my dear sir,” said he to Major Willoughby, “that any circumstances

should have made such an alteration that you do not know your attached and faithful friend, who has so often partaken of your kindness, and whom Providence has once more blessed with a sight of all that he holds dear upon earth? But under what a calamitous change of circumstances do we meet? Gracious Father! is it possible?"

"I thought I had heard the voice before, and I was struck with the first glimpse of your person, though much altered; you are, you can be no other than my dear Montgomery himself! Son, recognize your early friend, the betrothed of your sister! Dear Montgomery! dear Charles! but who could suspect or suppose for a moment that you would now be here in the time of our extremity in danger, which you may share with us, but never, never ultimately escape? Let us, however, be thankful. That God may do anything we cannot doubt, after what he has already done. Charles, remain here with your friend.

I will go and prepare my daughter ; but oh, I fear it is too much even for her devoted and almost inspired fortitude !”

Willoughby found his daughter greatly agitated. The account which Warrington’s wife gave of the attack upon their house—her flight, and her deliverance, which she had partly witnessed, excited the most distressing apprehensions for the fate of poor Warrington and the rest of his family, and much reduced her own hope of mercy, if her father should be obliged to yield.

There was something, however, in the deliverance of her poor neighbour and her children, and in the sudden and unexpected relief to which they owed their respite from a horrible fate, that even against hope for a moment she cherished hope that God would interfere for their protection.

“ But who is he, dear father—where is he who came as an angel of deliverance to our poor

neighbour, and has at least gained her some minutes for reflection before she and we are subjected to death?"

"Dearest Elizabeth, your curiosity is natural, and shall be indulged by your seeing and conversing with him, as soon as you can be gratified with safety, either to you or himself. He has been wounded, though I hope not dangerously, and you must help to dress his wound, and to heal it too, for your care of him will be peculiarly grateful to him, and he has expressed the greatest desire for it."

"And he shall have my utmost attention, dear father, though I am at a loss to know why he should consider it of more use than that of another."

"Yet it is so, my dear child, and we cannot and will not refuse our gallant friend; and now prepare to receive the person whom of all others you would least wish to see wounded or in

danger, even though your father and brother were competitors for exemption."

A faint and incredulous smile for a moment disguised the anguish of her lovely countenance.

"We must then see this rival of the regards due to you and Charles. Even Montgomery, were he here, could scarcely urge so bold a claim! And, merciful God! it is he! Montgomery! Oh God, and do we thus meet, never to part in this life? At least that is a blessing, be it ever so transient. It will prepare us for the everlasting union to which it will soon lead! Mysterious Providence, how gracious, yet oh how much beyond my strength!"

"Angel of light," said Montgomery, "guide to safety in all my dangers!—the hope that cheered me through every real and threatened ill!—this bliss of again beholding you, short as may be its duration, is a rich reward for all that I have suffered or feared to suffer. Had

I heard of your danger, and not partaken of it,
—not have been permitted to use my poor
struggles for your safety,—I never could have
lifted up my head. But now welcome God's
will! welcome everything it may send! and
may it yet send deliverance and happiness,
and make you the object of its all-powerful
regard!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THIS conversation, and the affection which dictated it, for a time suspended all the fears which this terrible insurrection had excited. The whole of the party, though they considered themselves as under sentence of death, experienced a sensation of joy at this unexpected meeting of two lovers who so well deserved to be happy. For a moment it threw a gleam of brightness over their own fate.

As yet, there had been no attempt made by the insurgents to approach the Major's dwelling, and it appeared that Warrington's wife and her champion were not suspected of having made their escape into the house, for the hostile party, after the check they had received, fled to some distance, and were afterwards seen searching the woods and hedge-rows in the

demesne, without coming near the house. It was then determined by the Major and his little council, that when the person to whose interference they owed forbearance from injury would appear, a parley would be permitted, from which they might receive some information as to the actual state of the country—whether the insurrection was general, and if any and what terms might be made.

In the mean time they learned from Montgomery that after the Scots had taken possession of Newcastle, almost the whole of the army became disaffected, and all officers and others suspected of being faithful to the king were dismissed by the parliament's generals under one pretence or another; that he had been advised by his friend Captain Prynne, who was now for the parliament, to request permission to leave the army, which had been granted; that he then, with as much speed as possible, embarked for Ireland, and landing at Dublin,

had purchased a horse and pursued his way to Monaghan, where he had arrived late on the evening of the day before ; and that just as he was preparing to have his horse fed to pursue his journey to the park, the fort and castle of Monaghan had been attacked, the few soldiers which the castle contained overpowered, the castle taken, and the seneschal, Captain Richard Blayney, and his family, made prisoners. That he had not a moment to deliberate, nor even to take his horse, and had escaped under cover of the darkness. That after passing the town unobserved, he overtook a soldier, who seemed glad to give him his matchlock, and was hastening on, as he said, to the house of a friend, where he hoped to get a change of clothes, in order to conceal himself ;—that he walked, or rather ran, with all his speed towards the park, but was in danger every moment of being discovered by the crowd, which was overspreading the country and attacking the dwel-

lings of the settlers, some of which had been consumed. That when he arrived within a mile of the park the insurgents were in great strength, and that at several times when he had hid himself he overheard much said of Corbe Macmahon and his nephew Hugh, who they said was now a Colonel, and that he had gone to Dublin with Lord Maguire and Roger Moore to seize the castle, and that they would have the country to themselves once more. Montgomery continued, that having at length got so far as the copse, within view of the house, he had determined to remain until the morning light would discover the state of things, when Warrington's wife and children were assailed, and that he could no longer refrain from taking the part he did for their deliverance.

The garrison—as we may denominate the little party within the Major's house—had now full time to contemplate the horrors of their situation. By Montgomery's account, there ap-

peared to be no doubt that the country was in possession of the Irish, that the settlers and freeholders had been generally surprised, and that such as survived were entirely in the power of the insurgents, and at their mercy. Though they themselves as yet remained unmolested, and owed their exemption to some powerful influence, yet there was no reason to expect that this would continue for any length of time, and they rather apprehended that they were cooped up for some sanguinary purpose, or until the insurgents should have more leisure to attack them. Yet though they saw no hope of ultimate safety, they continued firm in their determination not *to surrender*, but to defend themselves to the last.

In the mean time, the Major ordered to prepare their frugal meal as the commencement of their defensive system, that their stock of provisions might not be exhausted unnecessarily. He also directed that the females

should take some repose, and that a certain portion should take rest during the daylight, to avoid the confusion of being suddenly attacked and awoke in darkness.

Every precaution which the state of things admitted being thus taken, they felt something of additional confidence in the accession of Montgomery to their party. The manner in which he had joined them, as if sent by a divine guardianship—his military knowledge, and the effective courage he had already manifested, gave their spirits an excitement that almost cheered their awful state. “At least we shall not readily yield,” they exclaimed; “we shall die bravely, and make our fall terrible to our enemies!”

As yet no enemy had appeared; and except in the smoke of the distant ruins, and in the occurrence of the morning, which had introduced Montgomery, they saw nothing from the windows to indicate any sudden attack. They

were, however, in momentary expectation that the overpowering host would soon arrive ; and though their commander, as he had mentioned on the preceding day, might hold a conference, yet that it would only be the prelude to the general attack.

At length a man appeared on horseback and approached the front of the house. He was alone, and rode up quickly to the door ; he then called upon the Major by name. This person was Teady Macrory. He appeared greatly troubled, and begged admission.

“ You may trust me,” said he, “ for I have no life in me, nor could be able to do you harm if I would, for my strength is gone.”

After a short consultation it was determined to bring him in. The Major said he was sure they owed all to him, and that his information had all proved but too true.

The old man burst into tears. He said that he had done all he could, but in vain, to save

lives. That they had promised the Corbe they would not kill except where they met resistance, but except the Corbe himself, there was no other who could or would control them. That they had prevailed everywhere ; that Clunys, and all the country, was in their hands ; and that young Art Dugh and Art Roe Macmahon had just left the Corbe, and taken with them a large force to keep possession of Castle Blayne, which had been surprised in the night.

“ God has been with you,” said he to the Major, “ in giving you Corbe Macmahon for your friend ; but there is no saying how long he may have it in his power to save you ! He will not see you to-night, but he says he will defend you till he sees you to-morrow, after the messenger comes from my young master, who he says has taken the castle of Dublin. It’s well that Art Dugh and Art Roe are gone, and that Sir Phelim is in his own country ; but the old mistress sends her love to you and Miss

Elizabeth, and says she will die before a hair of your head is touched ; and she will soon die any way, if there is any truth in the Banshe *, who is ceanaghiu every night about Conagh."

"The Banshes have much to do these dismal nights," said the Major ; "but amongst the living or dead, I fear you have no condoling spirit for my poor countrymen."

"Ogh !" said Teady, "I wish they had never come here to go this way, for sure yourself did no harm to anybody, any way ; but they think it is no murder to take back their own, and that the Sassenach took advantage of them, and murdered and robbed them first."

"That is not the truth, Teady ; we came as friends, and did your countrymen much kindness."

"Ay, but they say you were not invited ; that you came in as guests, but stayed as masters.

* Banshe, supposed to be the presiding spirit of the family, who deplored the approaching death of any of its members.

But, dear Major, I don't think as they do ; you saved my life, and that's my answer to all divlishness, and there is enough of that same."

Teady then took his departure, recommending them to keep good watch, as there was no answering for stragglers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MONTGOMERY's wound was dressed, and proved, as he had described it, not deep or dangerous. The conversation of all then turned upon their extraordinary situation, and to the possibility of escape; but they could scarcely indulge in anything like hope, and their spirits would droop again, particularly those of the lovers, who, by the interposition of Providence, had been brought within view of happiness, but could only indulge the thought that their affections, cemented now in death, would be found united and purified in a more perfect state.

Yet even over these solemn meditations, where terror mingles with the strongest faith, the thought of death about to come within any short or limited period will try the firmest nerves of the human frame.

A glimpse of cheerfulness and present gladness would sometimes beam in the eyes of the youthful victims, when they looked upon each other ; and when they saw the father and the brother of Elizabeth, and all, as it were, consentaneously approving of their love, and having no wish but to facilitate their happiness, they almost felt an anticipation that God himself might be moved not to interdict what appeared to receive the preparatory sanction of the divine approval, and that in his infinite power he might yet provide the means of deliverance.

Much of what had passed during the long separation of these dear friends was then recounted by each. The simple annals of Elizabeth's life were soon recited, and lightly passed over, with the exception of her beloved mother's death, upon which she expatiated with a mournful congratulation that she had been spared from their present heart-rending distress.

“Her death,” she said, “as her life, had been most exemplary and full of hope-producing resignation ; that she had no doubt her soul was in perfect bliss with the Redeemer in whom she trusted, unless some consciousness of the state of those whom she loved upon earth might for an instant cloud celestial happiness, with that anxiety which angels are represented as feeling for the safety of souls whose fate is undetermined. But,” she added, “we shall pray to do nothing unworthy — nothing that can endanger our admission to join the celestial throng, and then there will be joy in heaven, increased and not diminished by our fate.”

Montgomery's account of affairs in England gave a gloomy picture, and would lead to suppose, when conjoined with the recent events in Ireland, that human depravity was at this period of history at a very advanced stage. Hypocrisy seemed to pervade every department of power, mingling the cant of religious

with the practice of cruelty. Every act of insubordination in the army, every daring outrage upon the King's authority, was covered with a sanctimonious veil. Scripture history and Scripture language were applied to cover the vilest concerns and most infamous actions of a licentious, discontented, and factious people; so as to render pious appearances almost hateful, and to turn the mind with disgust from the wells of living water, as if they were poisoned.

He mentioned that the whole army was now governed by General Cromwell's *agitators*, as they were called; and that they prepared the soldiery for everything the General and other officers in the interest of the Parliament wished to accomplish. That the great Lord Strafford, after an eloquent defence, had been condemned and suffered death for his fidelity to his master, who had unhappily complied with that devoted servant's wish (expressed in a letter), that he

should sign his death-warrant, to reconcile him to the Parliament ; and that now it was publicly rumoured that the King himself would be brought to trial. " So that my dearest Elizabeth must see," said Montgomery, " that I had scarcely any choice in leaving an army where everything contradicted my principles, and where my life was not safe. But surely I have reason to thank the over-ruling Power which has blessed me with a sight of my heart's *love*, and with the hope of mitigating her fate ; and I trust we shall be enabled to endure what we cannot control. We have no right to repine, or to shrink from the lot of suffering to which so many of the good and the noble have been consigned in these unhappy times."

The remainder of the day and the night was passed according to the plan that had been agreed upon. The females were prevailed upon to take the necessary repose, as was also Montgomery and the others in their turn.

The next day had advanced to noon without any alteration as to hostile appearance. Their friend Teady was then perceived, and was immediately admitted. His countenance was fallen and full of woe, and the besieged at once interpreted the sadness of his visage into evil tidings for themselves. Evil tidings they were, but not of such ill-boding as their fears had suggested.

“Oh, Major,” said he, “your heart will be grieved, and mine is broken, and so is every heart at Conagh. You loved the poor boy, and he loved you and yours, but it is all over. What signifies their dirty success here? the pride of them all is taken, and our family is gone for ever. The messenger has returned, and the Corbe has got the account, and it is but too true. My young master, instead of taking the Castle of Dublin, which they all said was so easy, is now a prisoner there himself, and so is the Lord Maguire and several others,

whilst Roger Moore, who brought them all into the scrape, has escaped, and the government is alarmed, and the gates of Dublin shut, and now it is hard to say who will win the day ; but we have lost all that was worth fighting for. Ogh, well did the senachy say long ago,—

“Ireland will bleed for Conolly's creed.”

It comes across my mind like the Banshe's lament, and sure enough it is the very boy that the old harper O'Bristan abused long ago, when he saw him first, and heard his name. It is the very Conolly that has betrayed him ! But things are shown to them old rhymers that other people would never dream of.”

There was something in what Willoughby could collect from this intelligence not quite so disastrous to the besieged as had been foreboded ; and though they all hated treason, and owed their sufferings to it, and knew not the moment when from exasperation or disappointment they might be sacrificed to the fury of those whom

Macmahon had engaged in the rebellion, yet the Major and his son could not help feeling for this misled and infatuated young man, who had been the dupe of others, and seduced into wickedness and misfortune that he could neither control nor remedy.

The Major expressed some concern, but said it could not be expected that God would prosper such treachery, even in one so young. Teady seemed to be lost in care : at length he recollected that the Corbe had appointed to follow him ; and then he desired the Major not to be apprehensive when he came, though numbers might follow him to the door, but to admit him if he desired, and to follow his counsel, for *he* could do what he chose, and knew the only chance for their safety.

Teady then said he must go to Conagh, where all was mourning, and where, he said, he would be soon wanting to send for his old master's fosterers to stretch his corpse, and that of the old lady, who would surely live no

time after the news ; and the old master was nearly gone any way, and the noise of the ceanagh would soon finish him out.

In a short time after Teady left the Park, a mass of people was seen moving towards it. The party within was instantly on the alert. When the multitude came to the outer gate, their shouts were terrific, and supposed to be a signal for a simultaneous attack upon the house. They were, however, suddenly restrained by a loud voice of authority.

"Halt, you devils !" said their commander in the Irish language ; "on your peril, not one is to pass the gentleman's gate."

This person then advanced to the door, having given his horse to one in the crowd.

"Open your door, Major," said he ; "you see I have no fear of you, don't be afraid of me." The door was opened, and he passed in through two ranks of armed men, the door being immediately closed.

"Major Willoughby," said he, "we say

nothing of the past—we look to the future. In this great revolution it has happened for so far fortunately for you, that your fate is in the hands of an old friend, who has long esteemed you, to which you owe your safety. Our success here is certain, and must be so over the kingdom, though part has failed, and my nephew, Colonel Macmahon, is a prisoner. If we can save your lives you may perhaps return the kindness with poor Hugh, but you know we protected you before we knew that he was in jeopardy.”

“It is not for me to upbraid you in the midst of kindness,” said the Major, “and gladly would I show my remembrance of it, and of my former regard for your nephew. It is impossible for me to say what influence I may now have. With the late Lord Deputy I could have done something; yet surely it must be acknowledged by the government if you should be the means of sparing the effusion of blood,

and afford my gallant band the opportunity of joining their friends in safety."

"It must be done," said the Corbe, "without loss of time; at present I think I can answer for the people who are under my command, but there is no knowing when an order from a superior may come, or what Sir Phelim may wish to do, or whether, if he gave any adverse direction, the people would any further regard me, for already I see it is easier to raise the storm than to direct it when or how far it is to make its ravage. Many lives have been lost, as I hear, by *your* people making hopeless resistance; and from what I learn it is still worse in Tyrone and Armagh. But I abhor such things!"

"What is to be done?" said the Major.

"There is the choice of two things," said the Corbe. "Change your faith and remain here, though I question if that would have any weight with Sir Phelim."

"I know you intend me no insult," said the Major, "but we would rather die."

"The other is, make for Enniskillen Castle, which is not more than a day's journey, or for Fredagh*, which is only two."

"It is safer," said Willoughby, "to defend ourselves here to the last, and perhaps succour may arrive."

"No, no," said the Corbe, "that succour will never come. But make a choice; Enniskillen is attacked though it still holds out, and if you could even reach it you would have to make your way to Fredagh, or Dublin afterwards."

"Will you pledge yourself for our protection?" said the Major.

"I will," said Macmahon, "but you must in everything follow my advice. You must take nothing with you but bare necessities: there must be no temptation to take your lives

* Fredagh, now Drogheda.

for your booty. Next, you must travel in the night, and though we will not take your arms, if there be any obstruction you must pass for my prisoners going to be exchanged for Lord Maguire and my nephew. I will return for you here this night at an early hour, and will expect you to be in readiness."

The Major pondered at the awful responsibility of consenting for others as well as himself; but he saw, on the other hand, that his house would not be tenable for any length of time. He then said he would be ready. "And God," said he, "be the witness between us, if your heart is right as my heart is."

"Would that all were as certain!" said the Corbe. "You must run some risk, but not beyond what brave men will venture for their lives, and the lives of those whom they love, and who depend on them."

It may be conjectured, but cannot be adequately described, with what sensations the

intelligence was received by the little band, of the projected abandonment of their fortress, which had stood them in such good stead in time of need. But though it was a melancholy reflection that they were about to leave for ever the spot which had so lately protected them, associated as it was with all the early endearments of a peaceful home—the centre from which kindness and good neighbourhood had always issued to those who were known to its worthy owner—yet the estimation of life prevailed, and soon put an end to all hesitation, particularly after they had seen from the windows that the multitude had patiently waited for the Corbe, according to his orders, and at once returned under his leading towards Clunys.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALL now applied themselves to instant preparation for their silent retreat from the scene of their early days. If any struggle passed in the mind of Major Willoughby on bidding adieu, he took care to conceal his emotions from his companions, and endeavoured to set them the example of a cheerful acquiescence in the will of Providence.

This brave veteran courageously resigned to the certain destruction of the barbarous Kerns all his worldly profits, and the substance that had been accumulating during an active and prudent life. He made the manly effort to dissociate himself from all the improvements and works of his hands without any appearance of unavailing regret; he merely uttered,

“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ;
blessed be the name of the Lord.”

On observing that Elizabeth shed tears, he said,—“ Dear representative of your valued mother, these are trifles ! After enduring the separation from her, there is no trial in parting with the dross of the world. It is true we leave her mortal remains behind, but they are beyond the reach of pollution. Her spirit is before us, and for aught we know may be delegated by our heavenly Father to lead us on our way, as the guardian angel of our safety.”

At length, their preparations being in readiness, they received the signal from the Corbe, who appeared on horseback, with some armed men likewise mounted, and some on foot. The Major and his band formed a close column ; the women and children in the centre, with their little store of provisions carried on horseback ; their venerable leader also mounted. The men were distributed so as to give the best

appearance of protecting their valuable convoy. —Major Willoughby in front, and Charles and Montgomery in the rear. The Corbe told the Major to give his keys to him, and said he would for the present leave his house in charge of some who he hoped might protect it, but that he could not promise for the event if he should lose his command. "And now come on," said he, "I will show you the way."

The little band eyed their conductor and his attendants with some suspicion, but the resolution was taken—their courage was wound up for any extremity ; they moved forward.

When they arrived at the turn to Conagh, their escort made a halt, and the Corbe rode back, as if he had discovered something to stop their progress. The Major's party prepared their matchlocks, determined, in case of any treachery, at once to take the life of their conductor. But it was Teady Macrory, who had appointed to meet the Corbe at that place,

and he delivered a message from Lady Macmahon to the Major, imploring him to use all his influence to save her son's life ; and 'Teady also said that he came by her directions to convoy them a part of their way, as he knew the road and the people. The party were well pleased with the addition of their old friend, and considered him as not the worst pledge for their safety. He seemed in deep sorrow, and frequently broke out into exclamations that appeared to come from his heart.

“ Bad work, and the worst of luck for so far, and what can come now to mend it? My young master in prison—this worthy gentleman and his family driven to flight, and their all left to plunder,—and the country all wasted, and none the better for it! Ogh that Roger Moore had been buried to his neck when it was my worst of bad luck to bring him to Conagh to set this pretty disturbance on foot. Where is he now with all his fine talk? I warrant he

is the first to be off and leave his friends in the bog."

The Corbe, to whom this was principally addressed, made no reply, but told the Major that he had prepared for their going by Monaghan to Carrick, where they would be safe during the next day, and that on the night following they would move forward.

The country through which they passed was quiet, and they met with no obstruction. When they came near to Monaghan, where the country had been thickly inhabited by English settlers and freeholders, they saw the ruins of several houses that appeared to have been consumed by fire, and whose smouldering ashes still emitted a languid and expiring light, that directed the eye to the desolation that had so lately turned the works of improvement into tombs and cemeteries for their industrious and enterprising owners. As they passed these melancholy monuments of revolutionary fero-

city, the Major involuntarily shuddered at the fate of those who had been its victims, and who, but a few days before, were known by him to have been actively engaged in pursuit of laudable industry. He looked upon his fellow-traveller, the Corbe, with a mournful expression of horror and indignation.

“Merciful Heaven !” he exclaimed, “surely such atrocities are not called for, nor necessary, to insure success in any cause ?”

“I lament them more than I can express,” said the Corbe, with a heavy sigh. “I thought we had guarded against such excesses; but come on,” said he, evidently disconcerted and wishing to change the subject, “let us at least avoid the excitement of such painful feelings as may disqualify for the necessary exertion to bring your people to the place of destination.”

He then said it might be prudent for him to go somewhat farther in advance, in order to prepare for their passing unmolested through

the town of Monaghan, which they were then approaching. He soon returned, and reported that all was quiet, and none stirring, except at the fort, where there seemed to be revelling ; but as he could not say with certainty who had the possession, he thought it safest to pass on without inquiry.

They then proceeded at a rapid pace till it became necessary to refresh themselves and their cattle, and as they were departing after their hurried repast, a groan was heard near to the place where they had alighted. They looked eagerly round, and saw a man stretched at full length on the ground. He appeared entirely exhausted, and scarcely alive ; but having raised him up, and poured some cordial into his mouth, he revived, so as to be able to speak. He implored for the love of God that they would either put an end to his life, or give him food. The voice of this person seemed familiar to Major Willoughby and others of his party. It

was that of Johnston, who had been sent to Monaghan immediately after Major Willoughby's conversation with Teady Macrory, in order to apprize the seneschal of what had been disclosed ; but before he got so far the insurrection had begun. Still he was determined to follow his instructions, and at all events it appeared to him to be safer to proceed than to return. He avoided the insurgents by hiding in the woods, and when a party had passed him, continued his progress till he reached the seneschal's castle in the town. But here he found that the Irish had succeeded in surprising the inhabitants of the town, though a few were in the act of making resistance ; but they were soon overpowered, and he saw several put to death, and others made prisoners and driven before the Irish. He himself was made prisoner in the seneschal's house or castle, which had been treacherously seized upon by Colonel Art Roe Sannagh Macmahon, of Glaslough,

who had been entertained on that day by Captain Blayney, together with young Bryan Manlagh Macmahon and Neal Mackenna of the Treugh, who were wards to the king, and had been kindly treated by the seneschal on that account ; but he and his lady, whilst they were receiving them with unsuspecting hospitality, were suddenly struck down and overpowered after the Irish got into the castle. Captain Blayney, after a brave but ineffectual struggle, was forced to yield. He was bound with ropes, and thrown into a vault of the castle, and on the next morning was carried, together with his lady, to Carrick. They were plundered of all their money, which was considerable ; and Art Roe said that he was now Baron of Monaghan, and would keep the castle for the king, or for himself, as he had the best right to it.

Johnston added, that he had the misfortune to witness the fate of Captain Blayney, their acquaintance and friend, whom the good loved,

and only the wicked feared. After some ineffectual parley for his life, which they said they must have in revenge for that of Francis Dugh, who was hanged when he was sheriff, they told him to get a priest and save his soul during the few minutes he would be allowed to live. He replied he would not yield to fears for his body to do an act at which his soul revolted, and had bright hopes beyond death which they could only hasten. "Away with him, then," cried the infuriated Sannagh; "he shall go to the place he prefers; he shall have no benefit of my clergy;" dismissing at the same time a friar who had accompanied the Colonel from Glasslough, and was chaplain now, as he said, to the raal Baron of Monaghan.

"I thought nothing of my own sufferings," continued Johnston, "when I saw the worthy and the good in the power of such enemies; and I had my fears greatly for you, my dear master, and my young mistress, and had almost given

up all to despair ; but the love of life prevailed, and seeing the wretches engaged in carousing, and most of them drunk with the liquor from the governor's stores, I made my escape, and wandered about in the woods, not having tasted food for three days, except some berries, till at length hunger compelled me to run the risk of life, and hearing from my hiding place the sound of your voices,—though I feared you were a party of the Irish,—I determined to give them an opportunity to put an end to my sufferings. But in the attempt to discover myself I fell down, and was for a time, as I believe, insensible ; and I need not say what was my joy, dear master, in being found by you, and seeing you alive and still safe, though God knows how long you may continue so."

This distressing recital was received, as may well be supposed, with great horror, and caused the most alarming perplexity, as the intelligence seemed to be almost providentially sent to make

them hesitate as to the route by which they should attempt their farther progress. They had for so far confided in the Corbe, who had declared the intention of halting at Carrick, and had spoken with certainty of a secure and friendly reception at the house of his cousin Art Dugh. He had given his opinion that the insurrection had not extended so far, and that Art Dugh, with his usual prudence, would wait for some time before he took a decided part, which in case of failure might deprive him of his bargain under the Earl of Essex. But it appeared by Johnston that he had entered fully into the rebellion, and had not only seized upon the castle at Carrick, but had acted with cruelty to the Blayney family, when they were brought prisoners to Carrick from Monaghan and Castle Blayney.

Major Willoughby at once saw the danger, and the necessity of preparing for a change of plan; and after mentioning his cause of appre-

hension to his friends, they determined that it was better to encounter an open enemy in the field, than trust to the suspected kindness of those who had proved themselves faithless to their friends.

“Corbe Macmahon,” said the Major, “our state requires instant decision. From what you have heard you must be aware that we should not be warranted in giving ourselves into the power of those who have acted as your friend at Carrick has done, to persons with whom he was in intimacy. We would rather perish, if it must be in such warfare as we can make by selling our lives dear, than fall an easy prey; and though it is not our nature to suspect without cause, and we give you credit for good faith and kind intention, yet we must in so far appear to have proper precaution as to keep both you and ourselves from blame. You must continue with us as our security till we approach nearer to our friends. Should we

meet with anything hostile you will assist us to avert it, and you will not be less our friend as being our hostage."

The Corbe, though somewhat surprised at the Major's determination, replied, that he had pledged his faith, and to the extent of his power would redeem it; and notwithstanding the conduct of Art Dugh to Lady Blayney, still he would not be afraid to follow the first intention. "On the other hand, I must confess," said he, "that your fears are natural, after what we have heard, which, however, may be exaggerated."

"We shall try to reach Dundalk," said the Major; "we shall have passed Castle Blayney long before day, and we will trust to God rather than man."

The party then moved on, the Major and the Corbe riding together at the head, till they came within view of Castle Blayney.

The road being at a considerable distance,

they were not observed by any of the inmates, and passed on without disturbance, though they were not without apprehension of being annoyed by the insurgents, who were then in possession of the castle.

Their anxiety, however, was not entirely selfish. They deeply participated in sympathy and sorrow for the sufferers, who had been so suddenly subjected to unsuspected enemies. Their reflections, on such an instance of the mutability of human affairs sunk their spirits, but not their resolution. They re-determined to die rather than fall into the power of such enemies, however numerous. They almost wished for an opportunity to avenge their wrongs; and if they had not been reminded of their helplessness by looking on the females and children of their party, there were minds amongst them so elated by a sense of injury and abhorrence of crime, that they would have dared to undertake the recovery of the castle

without calculating upon the danger. They passed it with a kind of reluctance, as if it was an ungallant act to leave such wrongs undressed ; but they paid a tribute of mournful regret that God had seen fit to withhold from the valiant owner (who had so often fought the battles of his country) such an opportunity of self-defence as had been vouchsafed to themselves.

When the dawn slowly disclosed the extent of their march, they found with thankfulness that they had made great progress, and according to their computation (confirmed by the Corbe and Teady Macrory, who had well remembered the country as the scene of some former exploits) they were now within a short distance of Dundalk.

“ God be thanked, dear Major,” said Teady, “ I know where I am now, and could bring you to some good caves, if we wanted to hide ; but if Dundalk be not taken from your friends, you

will soon part company with us to be with them you have reason to like better."

"Faithful creature!" said the Major, "the world does not produce an honester soul than thine. Wherever we go we shall never, I trust, forget you; but we cannot yet reckon upon safety. We have still a long space to travel through, subject to the view of friend or enemy, whichever may have the command of this open country; our poor females are greatly wearied, and I myself begin to feel that I am grown old, and would not be sorry to have a short repose; but of that we must not yet indulge any hope;—however, it will be welcome when it comes."

The emigrants afterwards reached Tredagh without injury, though after much fatigue and apprehension, for they were observed by several of the people of the country, who seemed inclined to follow them with a curiosity not entirely amicable; but they were always put

back by the Corbe, who was soon obeyed after he made himself known.

When the Major and his party arrived near the walls, they ventured to part with their escort, which joined the Irish army commanded by Colonel Macmahon, and then at no great distance. It was not without painful emotions on both sides that they took leave of those who protected them with fidelity, and conducted them to the place of expected safety.

Montgomery soon after had an opportunity to make himself known to Sir Henry Tichburne, his relative, who about this time relieved Tredagh, and who took Major Willoughby and his party under his protection, till they arrived in Dublin ; as soon after which as he could procure access, Charles Willoughby visited Colonel Macmahon, who with Lord Maguire was kept in close confinement.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THOUGH the Willoughbys could not acquit the Macmahons of great treachery, yet the fidelity with which the Corbe had observed his engagement removed much of their resentment, and they used their utmost exertions to save his nephew's life. They mentioned every favourable circumstance to the Lords Justices, though without success ; and in particular, they described the Corbe's effectual interference, by which their lives, and those of so many others, had been saved. But this was attributed by Sir William Parsons to fear and cunning, in order to make better terms. He mentioned that both prisoners had made discoveries, but too late to enable the Government to prevent a great deal of the mischief that had followed

from the conspiracy, which was of so flagrant a nature that he was confident the Parliament would never forgive, and that he had determined at all events to send them to England for trial.

Charles Willoughby visited his unfortunate friend Macmahon, who seemed greatly pleased at seeing him, and particularly when he learned that his family had escaped the dreadful massacre which had taken place, as he alleged, through the brutality of Sir Phelim O'Neil, who had pledged himself, in his presence, to Roger Moore, that no cruelty should be shown to those who submitted. He mentioned that he had given directions to his uncle, and to Teady Macrory, as to the preservation of his family; and was glad that their success in other respects had not been stained by any act of barbarity to them, the early friends and companions of his youth. "I am unworthy enough," continued he, "without having that crime to

answer for, except that I did not take as much care to arrange for your safety as I might have done. But my thoughts were greatly engrossed, and I was certain to have made all secure by means of the traitor Connolly. However, my mind's at rest on that score, and I owe nothing to the villain but the destruction of my own hopes, and those of my fellow-sufferer Lord Maguire ; for my country will yet be free, and the invaders expelled."

Charles Willoughby, though grateful to the watchful Providence which had brought about the deliverance of the Government, and of such parts of the kingdom as had been saved by the discovery of the plot, was grieved at the utter ruin that awaited his early friend.

With true Christian regard for his unhappy state, he endeavoured to render him more sensible both of his crime, and the almost certain fate that awaited him. He informed him of the intention of sending him to London, and

lamented that his efforts had hitherto proved ineffectual.

“And do you think, my friend,” said Macmahon, “that I myself have any expectation from the greedy hypocrites who have driven us into rebellion, in order to get our lands? Or from their ruthless masters on the other side, who love blood better than the Bible, which teaches them to murder in the name of the Lord. The hope of life, I am ashamed to acknowledge, induced me to make some disclosures; but I am prepared for their tender mercies, and knowing that I shall neither get fair play, nor fair trial, in your good country, you shall see that I am not as insensible to what is before me as from my levity you may have supposed.

“Look there,” said he, pointing to the wall of his prison, “my merciful and tender-hearted jailers will give me neither paper, book, nor ink, so there is my meditation,” said he—showing a

gallows (which he had drawn and shaded with charcoal from his fire), and to which the figure of a person with some resemblance to his own was suspended; and the Justices in their robes were also sketched, and Connolly was drawn as a hell-fiend, followed by the devil, who was whipping him and the Justices towards a pit of flames.—“*That is my manual,*” said he, “and you will allow it is a suitable *memento mori.*”

Willoughby was greatly shocked, and lamented that a mind capable of so much hardihood had not employed its opportunities in such pursuits as would have given honourable scope to talent and mental resolution; and that these now were only likely to be wasted in their most precious moments by vindictive wishes, and obstinate adherence to the opinions that had produced such dire calamities to others as well as to himself.

Whilst he remained, he ceased not with tears

to recommend to him sincere contrition for his offences, and *that* belief in his Saviour's mercies which alone would bring him peace of mind, by the hopes of forgiveness; and this, he said, would be infinitely preferable, even here, to any exertion of natural courage, and insensibility to his awful state.

Macmahon thanked him with a melancholy smile, and desired him to pray for him, as he was not well qualified to pray for himself. He implored him by their early acquaintance, and by the love he bore his sister, to do everything he could for his friends if the cause should not be ultimately successful; and above all, to find some means to send an account as little distressing as possible to his aged mother, if still alive, and to his beloved sister, who fortunately was in Spain with his mother's friends; and to rescue his memory, as far as he could, from undeserved obloquy.

He expressed a wish, also, that he might

make inquiry for him and his friend Lord Maguire after they should be sent to London, and endeavour to procure for him,—what, however, he did not expect,—a fair trial and an honourable death ;—not such as he had sketched upon the wall, but that they might suffer as men of their rank were usually put to death.

Charles Willoughby, though he entreated him to turn his thoughts more to things of greater value, yet did not refuse his request ; but he told him he feared his interest, and that of his family, had little weight with the party which then prevailed, as his father and friends were known to be devotedly attached to the royal cause, which was then, as he understood, entirely without power, the King being himself a prisoner, and treated with the greatest contempt and cruelty by his oppressors.

They both shed tears on parting—Macmahon endeavouring to conceal an emotion that might be considered as a weakness unworthy of his cause.

The Manuscript goes little farther. It relates, however, that all the party which survived the escape had been so fortunate as to reach England, and to find an asylum with Mrs. Montgomery, near to Worcester, where the marriage between her son and Elizabeth Willoughby had been duly solemnized; and that they passed in a state of happy retirement and connubial bliss the troubled period that intervened between their arrival and the restoration of Charles the Second.

The virtues of Elizabeth were peculiarly suited to the domestic sphere. Her cheerfulness had in some degree returned, and greatly contributed to the happiness of an attached and admiring husband; but there was a solemnity that never entirely forsook her manner, and rendered her efforts to please still more attractive, because it proved that in the most exhilarating occurrences of a fortunate destiny, she never forgot thankfulness to the Giver of

every good gift for the wonderful preservation of her early life.

They had two sons: the second succeeded to the Irish property of his grandfather, which, after the conquest of Cromwell, was restored to his uncle Charles, who, never having married, left it to him.

The Manuscript states that when he went to take possession, he found within the ruins of the house in the park (which had been thrown down in the contests between Cromwell's soldiers and the Macmahons) the treasure that had been deposited by his father; which had escaped by being put in the centre of an earthen floor—a spot not suspected, though all around the walls had been dug up in search of it.

The fate of Colonel Macmahon and of Lord Maguire is well known to have been that which they so earnestly deprecated, and had pleaded both boldly and eloquently to avoid.

Their trial is one that gives no very favourable idea of the manner of conducting the English courts of judicature at that period. All applications for a trial in their own kingdom were rejected in the first instance; and when they afterwards solicited to suffer by a death more honourable than that of being hanged, they were not only refused, but repulsed with a rudeness on the part of their Judges and the law-officers, which appears entirely unworthy of the professions respecting civil and religious liberty which were made the pretext for overturning the King's government.

The Manuscript mentions that Ellen Macmahon had made her way to London, and had been admitted to a last interview with her brother, by means of her former acquaintance with Captain, now Colonel Prynne, who had some influence, but not sufficient to avert his fate. It adds, that struck with her pious and devoted attachment to her brother, his regard,

which had commenced when he was in Ireland, had revived, and being still unmarried, that he had proposed to make her his wife; but that she had steadily declined, though fully sensible of his worth, and of the magnanimity of making such a proposal at such a time. But she had made up her mind to return to the convent in Spain in which she had been educated, and there to seek solace for her sorrows, by a dedication of her days to God, who had afflicted her.

Teady Macrory had also made his way to London, and having been observed near the Tower by Colonel Prynne, he had recognised him, and obtained permission for him to see his master. This faithful creature had used every means to comfort him, and had procured the admission of a friar, in order to afford him the last consolations. By the humane attention of Colonel Prynne, Teady was afterwards enabled to find out Montgomery and his family,

with whom he continued for the remainder of his days, having declined to go to Ireland with Charles Willoughby, who proposed to leave him at Carrow Park when he succeeded in recovering the property. But Teady said all was dead there, only the remembrance, which would haunt him by night and by day if he was ever to see Conagh again.

The Corbe Ever Macmahon, afterwards titular Bishop of Clogher, had taken part in all the warfare that had been encouraged by the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Rinuncini. Together with other Irish prelates, he had been induced to resist the efforts of the Earl of Ormond for a settlement with the King's forces, and greatly contributed to the embarrassment of that faithful General; in consequence of which he was obliged to renounce his government, and thereby put an end to all expectation of succour for his royal master from his Irish subjects, who, instead of joining together

for his advantage, divided and broke the strength of the kingdom, and left it an easy prey to Cromwell and Ireton.

At length the Bishop, after various evolutions of the restless character which distinguished his family, was placed at the head of a part of the Irish forces, as General of the North; and with a courage not unworthy of a better cause, lost the battle by a total want of military skill, though after great exertions of personal bravery.

He made another attempt to rally his scattered forces; but was defeated and taken prisoner in Fermanagh, a part of his episcopal district, which he had laboured more to make ready for war than to prepare for peace.

He suffered the death of a traitor;—and thus perished the last of the Corbes of Clunys.

LONDON :
Printed by WILLIAM CLOWE ,
Duke-street, Lambeth.

1

2

3

4

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

